PENTHOUSE
LIFE ON TOP
U.S. EDITION
9 NAUGHTY SEX TIPS From Pet RYAN KEELY
Cover Girl Juelz Ventura
We Crash a NAKED LADY PARTY
It's a Whole New Ball Game
OUR 2010 BASEBALL PREVIEW
UNREQUITED LUST
Our Mash Note to ANNE HATHAWAY
+ SPECIAL REPORT
Is Global-Warming Science Fact or Fiction?
SUPPORT OUR TROOPS
PENTHOUSE.COM
APRIL 2010
$7.99
04
10
02242
0 778848 2

GAMEFLY.COM

VIDEO GAME RENTALS
DELIVERED TO YOUR DOOR

Free Shipping • No Late Fees • Cancel Anytime
New Releases and Classic Games

EXTENDED FREE TRIAL*

SIGN UP AT
www.gamefly.com/print
ENTER CODE: NEWS182

XBOX 360 PLAYSTATION 3 Wii

*New members only. Free trial valid in the 50 United States only, and cannot be combined with any other offer. Limit one per household. First-time customers only. Internet access and valid payment method required to redeem offer. GameFly will begin to bill your payment method for the plan selected at sign-up at the completion of the free trial unless you cancel prior to the end of the free trial. Plan prices subject to change. Please visit www.gamefly.com/terms for complete Terms of Use. Free Trial Offer expires 12/31/2010.

april 2010 [contents]

Pet of the Month **Nikki Benz** page 64

FULL FRONTAL

11 Revealing Entertainment

12 The Fourth Annual Dirty Dozen
Penthouse's own damn movie awards.

14 Flicks
Clash of the Titans.

16 TV
Alonzo Bodden talks up *America's Worst Driver*.

17 DVDs
Lock N' Load With R. Lee Ermey.

18 Sounds
Drive-By Truckers' latest.

20 Joystick
God of War III.

22 Reads
Charles Bukowski.

LIFE ON TOP

25 Tech
Survival Gear: gadgets for the end of the world.

28 Driving Force
The all-new Chevy Camaro.

30 Freewheelin'
The Zero S.

32 Scoundrel
A fuck-buddy roommate? Bad idea.

33 Pet Peeves
Ryan Keely tells you how to boost your sex skills.

34 The Pour House
A randy beer called bock.

PICTORIALS

36 Juelz Box
Juelz Ventura

64 Darling Nikki
Pet of the Month
Nikki Benz

86 Indian Gold
Priya Rai

102 Sweater Girls
Mia Presley & Kayla Paige

120 Picture Perfect
Kiara Diane

[contents] april 2010

FEATURES

46 An Inconvenient Fraud?
Special report: Is global warming just a con job? By Gerard Van der Leun

52 2010 Baseball Preview
The good old days vs. modern times, and Hall of Fame injustices. By Ed Condran and Jonah Keri

58 Top 10 Tax Havens
Best places to stash your millions. By Brian O'Connor

80 Pet Projects
The Pets were big winners at the 2010 AVN Awards. By Jennifer Peters

82 Girls' Night In
Some women go a little wild at Naked Lady Parties. By Ronnie Koenig

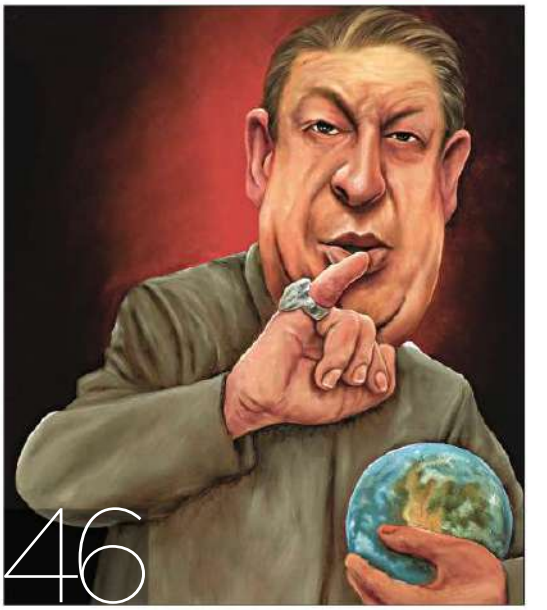
96 Warrior Wire
Tamar Geller matches shelter dogs with wounded marines. By Rebecca Swanner

112 Sex Ed.
Our resident sexperts give advice from both sides of the bed. By Martin Downs, M.P.H., and Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

142 Parting Shot
A mash note to actress Anne Hathaway.

DEPARTMENTS

4 Forum
62 Hard News
79 Peep Show
100 X-Rated Video
116 Penthouse Books



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (52) JOHN CORDES/ICON SMI, (142) RETNA LTD.

MONTAGE ART REVS UP THIS HAND-CRAFTED BIKER-STYLED CUCKOO CLOCK

•

FEATURES CHROME-FINISH PENDULUM AND CHAINS WITH HANGING "PIPES"

TIME OF FREEDOM

Roaring down an open road on thundering steel, wind in your face, free as a powerful eagle in flight, time flies by for a biker, swept up in the pulse-pounding thrill of the ride.

BOLD STYLE REVS UP EVERY HOUR OF THE DAY

Celebrate the pursuit of freedom and the love of the open road with *Time of Freedom*, a market-first motorcycle-inspired cuckoo clock. The Dramatic black-hued wood case is customized with chrome-finished accents, and topped with a sculpted artist's resin eagle. Vivid montage art recalls a classic American chopper and symbols of freedom. A precise quartz movement powers the speedometer- style clock face, while decorative hanging chains with "pipes" and a gleaming pendulum with the motto "Ride Hard, Live Free" add to the thrill. And, each hour, the door opens ... as a sculptural motorcycle revs up to mark the time!

STRICTLY LIMITED... ORDER NOW!

Strong demand is expected and orders will be limited to ONE ONLY, so act now to acquire the *Time of Freedom* Cuckoo Clock in five easy installments of $29.99 each, for a total of $149.95*, backed by our 365-day guarantee. Send no money now. Just mail the Reservation Application today!

SCULPTURAL MOTORCYCLE ANNOUNCES EACH HOUR!

EXCITING MOTORCYCLE-INSPIRED CUCKOO CLOCK WILL GET ANY ROOM'S DECOR UP TO SPEED.

www.bradfordexchange.com/4758

©2010 BGE 01-04758-001-BIU

Clock case shown much smaller than actual size of appr. 14" tall x 3" deep; 28" tall with pendulum and "pipes.". Requires 2 "D" and one "AA" battery, not included.

RESERVATION APPLICATION SEND NO MONEY NOW

THE BRADFORD EXCHANGE HOME DECOR

9345 Milwaukee Avenue · Niles, IL 60714-1393

YES. Please reserve the *Time of Freedom* cuckoo clock for me as described in this announcement.
Limit: one per order. Please Respond Promptly

Signature _____

Mr. Mrs. Ms. _____
Name (Please Print Clearly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

01-04758-001-E49391

*Plus $15.99 shipping and service. Limited-edition presentation restricted to 295 crafting days. Please allow 4-8 weeks after initial payment for shipment. Sales subject to product availability and order acceptance.

Stoking the Home Fires

It had been weeks since I'd had a night out with the girls, and with my husband's Guard unit deployed to the Middle East, I'd been spending my evenings home alone. When Tracy picked me up for a night of club-hopping, it turned out to be the best time I'd had in months.

Before taking me home, Tracy invited me to her place for a nightcap. We were sitting in the living room enjoying a drink when her husband, Kevin, came home from working the late shift. It was my first time meeting him and I was immediately awestruck by his gorgeous looks and muscular physique. I couldn't take my eyes off him, and when he left to take a shower, I apologized to Tracy for ogling her husband. Tracy just smiled.

Later, when Kevin walked past the dining room wearing only a towel, Tracy called him over. When he was standing in front of us, Tracy tugged the towel from around his waist. My body temperature rose sharply at the sight of Kevin's semierect cock. It was almost as big as my husband's at full mast, and it got even bigger when Tracy began stroking it! By the time she was finished with him, his tool was about nine inches long.

When Tracy asked me if I wanted to know what it felt like to try out Kevin's joystick, I didn't hesitate. Kevin sat down on the couch and slid on a condom while I got out of my clothes. Then I was straddling Kevin and guiding his fat cockhead into my hot hole. I slowly impaled myself on his massive shaft and when he was in deep, I thought I'd die from pleasure.

"Oh, my God!" I groaned loudly as I started my slow ride. "This feels incredible!" I could hear Tracy behind me saying how hot her husband's cock looked going in and out of my cunt. I felt hands caressing my ass and a shock wave shot through me as I suddenly realized it had to be Tracy, because Kevin's hands were all over my tits. I hadn't expected anything like that and wasn't sure if I even wanted it. But as Tracy's fingers began circling the opening of my bottom, my indecision quickly disappeared, especially when she pushed the tip of her finger into my tight hole. I moaned that I wanted her to push her finger all the way in, then squealed with delight as Tracy did just that. When I began riding Kevin hard, Tracy moved her finger inside my ass, matching the pace and quickly triggering one of the most intense orgasms I've ever had.

When I rolled off Kevin, Tracy pulled off the rubber and licked his cock clean. Never in my wildest dreams had I imagined begging another woman to lick my pussy, but there I was crying out for Tracy to eat me out. And, damn, was she good at it! She had my whole body trembling as I held her tight and bucked my hips up toward her agile tongue.

It was an amazing feeling to spill my juices all over Tracy's face. I had to know what it was like from the other side and told Tracy to take off her clothes. As soon as she did, I buried my face between her legs and savored my first taste of another woman. While I was lapping up Tracy's cunt juices, Kevin moved in behind me and fucked me doggie-style. It felt great, but I'd done without sex for so long that I cried out for Kevin to fuck my ass. He lubed me up, then buried the full length of his cock deep inside my bottom, giving me the ass-fucking of my life. At the same moment Tracy flooded my mouth with her cream, Kevin was slamming into me, filling my ass, which triggered my climax.

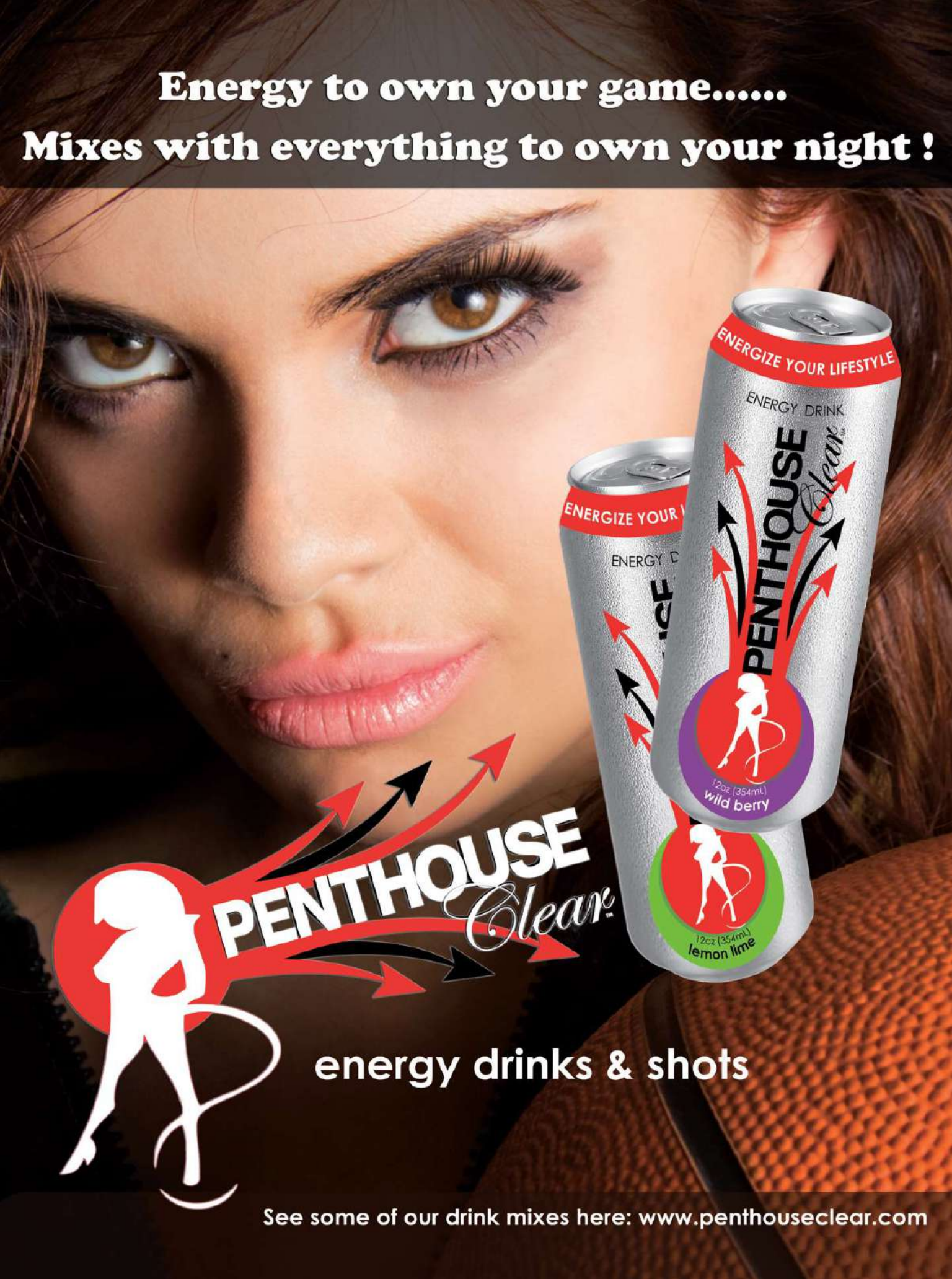
After Kevin pulled out of me, Tracy maneuvered me into a sixty-nine that I will not soon forget. Afterward, we moved to the bedroom, and Tracy and Kevin dedicated themselves to taking care of my long-neglected needs.

I've been with Tracy and Kevin and alone with Tracy lots of times since that special night. And while I know it might end one day, I'll always be grateful to them for looking out for me.—*Name and address withheld*

He lubed me up, then buried the full length of his cock deep inside my bottom, giving me the ass-fucking of my life.

"Forum" letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send letters to ForumSubmission@ffn.com or *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, N.Y. 10005.

Energy to own your game.....
Mixes with everything to own your night !



energy drinks & shots

See some of our drink mixes here: www.penthouseclear.com

GOT MILF?

I met Jessica last summer through my buddy Heath, who is dating her daughter. Heath was remodeling Jessica's kitchen and asked me to help him hang some Sheetrock. When I got to Jessica's place that morning, she met me at the door and said, "My, aren't you good-looking?"

I was so stunned by this older woman's natural beauty that I was unable to respond with anything other than my name. I quickly checked with Heath to find out Jessica's status, which was recently divorced and 46. I'd been with a few older women, but none who were nearly 20 years older, and none as beautiful as Jessica.

Throughout the morning, my mind churned with explicitly horny thoughts of fucking Jessica. I sensed that she was having the same kind of thoughts about me, because I caught her staring at me several times. Whenever I did, I gave her the same look she was giving me—hungry.

When we ran low on nails, Heath and his girl took a run to the hardware store to get more. No sooner had they shut the door behind them than Jessica said we didn't have much time—that if I wanted to fuck her as much as she wanted me to, we needed to get out of our clothes quickly. Jessica didn't have to tell me a second time. I was buck naked in no time.

"Oh, I just knew you'd have a nice, thick cock!" Jessica said, curling her fingers around it and slowly stroking me from base to tip.

I told Jessica I'd been thinking about fucking her all morning, but that I really wanted to eat her out first. She wanted that too, but didn't think we had enough time. Thinking she might be right, I grabbed my cellphone from my pants and texted Heath. I had no doubt he'd know why I was asking him to give me at least 30 minutes before returning. With the time factor taken care of, I pushed Jessica down on the living room sofa. When she lay back, I pulled her legs over my shoulders and dove greedily into her muff.

"Oh, yes! That's so good!" she moaned.

Now, I've gone down on a lot of women, but never with the same enthusiasm as with Jessica. She was so responsive and her juices were addictive. Before I could tell her that, she cried out her release and bathed my face with copious amounts of joy juice. She was amazing, and I couldn't wait to feel her come on my cock.

"You have no idea how much I needed that!" Jessica gasped, pulling my lips to hers in a hard kiss. "Now I really need you to fuck me!"

Jessica hopped off the sofa and leaned over the armrest, giving me a perfect view of her well-toned ass. As I pressed the head of my cock into her fuck hole, she pushed back, taking me all the way into her hot cavern. I started fucking her, and before a minute had gone by, she said she was coming again. Then her cunt muscles squeezed tightly around my cock and bathed it in her pussy juice.

"More! Fuck me more! Fuck me harder!" Jessica cried out.

When she lay back, I pulled her legs over my shoulders and dove greedily into her muff.

As I thrust my cock in and out of Jessica's horny cunt, practically lifting her feet up off the floor each time I drilled into her, I reached around and squeezed her big, beautiful tits.

"Come, baby!" she begged. "I want to feel your hot come inside me!"

I drove my cock into her one last time, grunting as my balls exploded and a huge load of come raced up the length of my cock. "Oh, fuck! Yes!" I screamed. My cockhead throbbed violently as it spewed hot jizz into her, setting off another big, wet orgasm within Jessica.

I wasn't surprised later when, after Heath said he'd be busy with his girlfriend at his place, Jessica invited me back that evening for more incredible sex. Since that day, we've been seeing a lot of each other. It's not a romantic relationship or anything—just strictly hot, wonderful sex that we both love.—*C.I., Minnesota*

More letters on page 130

CASH4GOLD.COM

Sell Your Gold Jewelry!

Millions of Dollars Paid Out!

1. Request Your Free Kit

2. Send Insured Pre-Paid Pak

3. Cash in 24 Hours

Call 1-877-872-0973

www.Cash4Gold.com

PENTHOUSE®

U.S. EDITION

EDITORIAL

Executive Editor	BARBARA RICE THOMPSON
Deputy Editor	PETER BLOCH
Managing Editor	CHRISTINE COLBY
Features Editor	JOHN BOLSTER
Senior Editor	DEIRDRE M. GOLDBECK
Contributing Editors	RACHEL KRAMER BUSSEL, ERIC DANVILLE, BILL HEALD, JENNIFER PETERS, ALYSON S. ZAMKOFF, VICTORIA ZDROK

ART

President, Penthouse Studios	KELLY HOLLAND
Art Director, Publishing Group	JOHN AROCHO
Art Director	JOHN FARACI
Designers	JESSICA PIETRAFESO, PABLO TURCIOS
Photo Researcher	KATHRYN DEEM

LIBRARY

Art Rights Manager	MARIA ROTHENBERG
Photo Librarian	EVELYN BUTLER
Assistant Photo Librarian	NORMA DELGADO

CIRCULATION

Vice President, Director of Circulation	JOSEPH M. GALLO
Director, Newsstand Sales	PAUL G. PEARSON
Customer Service Manager/Analyst	MORGAN EVERETT
Traffic Director	BILL HARBUTT

ADVERTISING AND MARKETING

Associate Publisher	RICH MCENTEE
Account Manager	ELYSIA G. BANDONG
Promotions Manager	LAINIE SPEISER

ENTERTAINMENT/LICENSING/INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS

Director, Global Clubs Licensing	JEFF STOLLER
Director, Model Recruitment	STACY VALENTINE
Director, Licensing	AMANDA BYRD
Manager, International Publishing	MONICA KIRBY
Licensing Inquiries	LICENSING@FFN.COM
International Subscriptions	HTTP://INTL.PENTHOUSE.COM

INTERNET

President, Penthouse Internet	ROBERT BRACKETT
Vice President, Product Development	MICHAEL MCNICHOLAS

PRODUCTION

Vice President, Art, Manufacturing & Production	MICHAEL TANG
Production Manager	MARIA KELLEHER
Photo Retoucher	GIL VELEZ
Type Systems Supervisor	MARIO IANNOTTA
Production Assistant	JANICE VENTURA

CORPORATE

Chief Executive Officer	MARC H. BELL
Chief Financial Officer	EZRA SHASHOUA
President, Licensing & Publishing	JAMES SULLIVAN
Controller	FRANK MATASAVAGE
Accounting Manager	ANTHONY MANISCALCO

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES

New York	20 BROAD STREET, 14TH FLOOR NEW YORK, N.Y. 10005 TEL: 212-702-6000 FAX: 212-702-6262
Advertising inquiries	ADSALES@FFN.COM

ENTERTAINMENT/LICENSING OFFICE

Los Angeles, Calif.	310-280-1900

READER INFORMATION

TO ORDER A SUBSCRIPTION: For 12 issues, please send a U.S.-drawn bank check or money order for $32 ($56 for foreign residents) to *Penthouse*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235. To order by credit card, call 800-289-7368 from the U.S. or visit PenthouseMagazine.com. From Canada or elsewhere in the world, call 386-447-6361 (ask for customer service) between 8 A.M. and midnight Eastern Standard Time, Monday through Friday, or from 9 A.M. to 7 P.M. on weekends. Closed holidays.

TO SOLVE A SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEM: Write to *Penthouse*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235, or call 800-289-7368 from the U.S. or 386-447-6361 (ask for customer service) from outside the U.S. Hours are 8 A.M. to midnight weekdays, 9 A.M. to 7 P.M. weekends (Eastern Standard Time). Closed holidays. You also can email us at Penthouse@palmcoastd.com. Editorial and advertising offices cannot resolve subscription problems.

TO CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS: We require eight weeks' advance notice of change of address (to *Penthouse*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235) to ensure that delivery will not be interrupted. Be sure to include your old as well as your new address and zip code.

TO RENEW A SUBSCRIPTION: We must receive renewal payment two months before the expiration of your current subscription to ensure that you will not miss an issue. Renewal notices are first sent several months before subscriptions are due to expire. If you renew before your current subscription expires, the full term of that renewal will be added to your current subscription.

IF YOU PAID FOR A SUBSCRIPTION BUT ARE STILL GETTING BILLED: If you have paid a subscription bill and get another bill within four weeks, ignore the new bill. If you have paid a subscription bill more than four weeks before getting another bill, send proof of payment along with your bill to *Penthouse*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235.

BACK ISSUES: To inquire about the availability and price of back issues, call 888-312-BACK. You must specify the issue precisely (e.g., June 2009); we cannot accurately locate back issues based only on such identification as a story title, a story's subject matter, or the picture on the cover. We have back issues available for the previous 12 months.

ARTICLE REPRINTS: To order reprints of articles, obtain permission to photocopy, or receive a copy of a past article, call 212-702-6000. Unauthorized reproduction of any portion of *Penthouse* text constitutes copyright infringement.

To e-mail *Penthouse* editors: PenthouseEditors@ffn.com

WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU HAD GOOD HEAD?

Penthouse Accessories introduces our new line of Men's Headwear.
Visit our ONLINE STORE at www.penthouseaccessories.com

PENTHOUSE™
Headwear

Meet real sex partners tonight!
With more than 30 million members worldwide, you'll find exactly who you're looking for! *
Visit www.adultfriendfinder.com

AdultFriendFinder.com
Swingers, Free Adult Chat & Adult Personals Site

AdultFriendFinder is a registered service mark of Various, Inc. Used by permission. Model depicted in photo.
*Access to certain site features requires an upgrade from a free membership to a paid membership.

Crazy in Love

Ali Larter has survived as one person or another on *Heroes,* but her crazed stalker in *Obsessed* was no match for Sasha Fierce. Luckily, we have two DD's for the winners of Best Catfight—not that we wouldn't pay good money to watch a rematch. Turn the page to see who else is getting a Penthouse Dirty Dozen Award.

ILLUSTRATION BY COULAS & LOURDES

OUR OWN DAMN MOVIE AWARDS

The Fourth Annual Dirty Dozen

Sure, some people enjoyed that Oscars telecast, with its musical numbers and boring speeches and tits that refused to pop out of dresses. For everyone else, we proudly present the Penthouse Double D Awards.

1. BEST SEX SCENE

Amber Heard, Jon Foster, and Austin Nichols in *The Informers*

Take three spoiled socialites, add drugs, subtract morals—you've got the perfect recipe for a ménage à trois. As a bonus, this one includes Heard, the girl you've been fantasizing about since *Friday Night Lights* hit movie theaters.

2. BEST NUDITY ...

❖ **IN A DRAMA**

Jessica Biel in *Powder Blue*

We fully support nudity for the sake of art—if *Powder Blue* weren't a respectable indie drama, there's no way Jessica Biel would have agreed to bare her tits.

❖ **IN A HORROR FILM**

Willa Ford, Julianna Guill, and America Olivo in *Friday the 13th*

But we also support nudity for the sake of nudity, so additional honors go to this topless trio. Of course, in true horror-movie fashion, they paid the ultimate price for their lack of propriety.

❖ **IN A BLOCKBUSTER**

Rachel Nichols in *Star Trek*

Okay, the green girl wasn't really nude, but her lingerie-clad interlude with James T. Kirk, enjoyable eye candy in itself, led to a brief striptease by Zoë Saldana. What's not to love?

3. BEST GIRL-ON-GIRL KISS

Megan Fox and Amanda Seyfried, *Jennifer's Body*

Everyone's a winner in this category—especially the audience. But the award goes to the steamy sapphic lip-lock between self-conscious Needy (Seyfried) and sexy succubus Jennifer (Fox). Hey, Megan, got a little demon in you?

4. BEST CATFIGHT

Ali Larter and Beyoncé, *Obsessed*

For our money, it doesn't get much better than Beyoncé polishing her hardwood floors with an underwear-clad Larter. Rent this—now—skip the first hour of husband-stealing setup, and watch the ladies go for the beatdown.

5. BEST PORN/MAINSTREAM SWITCH

❖ **BEST SERIOUS ACTRESS PORTRAYING A PORN STAR**

Tie: Carla Gugino and Adrianne Palicki in *Women in Trouble*

❖ **BEST PORN STAR PORTRAYING A SERIOUS ACTRESS**

Sasha Grey in *The Girlfriend Experience*

Gugino and Palicki played porn stars Elektra Luxx and Holly Rocket in Sebastian Gutierrez's indie comedy, while actual porn star and Penthouse Pet Grey went mainstream in Steven Soderbergh's indie drama. Change is good for all of us.

6. BEST DRUNKEN SHENANIGANS

The Hangover

After a bachelor party, three best friends wake up in Vegas with memory loss and a missing groom-to-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (8) JAMES D. MORGAN/REX FEATURES/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, (7) MAGNOLIA PICTURES/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, (3) COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION

BREAKTHROUGH HOTTIES

We've officially added these rising stars to our Most Wanted list.

Olivia Munn (right). She's been on our radar for years as the hottest host on procrastination station G4, but she boosted her star power this year with a recurring role on *Greek* and a few barely clothed photo shoots.

Lady Gaga (left). So what if she's bat-shit crazy? We're not about to ignore a girl who loves latex, hates pants, and writes musical odes to rough sex.

Carrie Prejean. When Miss California stirred up controversy with her mid-pageant evangelism, we knew a sex tape couldn't be far behind! Nude photos surfaced within three weeks; six months later, we had celluloid.

Christina Hendricks. The voluptuous *Mad Men* star has been working for ten years, but her assets are *finally* getting the attention they deserve. Who cares what the tabloids say? We think this lady is big in all the right ways.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (9) TRACY BENNETT/©UNIVERSAL/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, (6) COURTESY WARNER BROS./(10) WARNER BROS./COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, (LADY GAGA) CAMERA PRESS/RETNA LTD., (OLIVIA MUNN) SARA DE BOER/RETNA LTD.

be. They use clues to piece together the previous night's events—kind of like *Memento,* but with a roofied tiger and a naked Asian gangster. And, you know, laughs.

7. WORST DRUNKEN SHENANIGANS

Humpday

With the help of booze (which kinda goes without saying), two straight college buddies get roped into filming a gay porn flick and submitting it to an amateur film festival. They also agree to be the stars. Hilarity ensues; erections, not so much.

8. THE BAD BLOWJOB LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT AWARD

Sacha Baron Cohen, *Brüno*

During a moment of intense soul-searching, Austrian fashion reporter Brüno calls upon the ghost of Milli Vanilli's Rob Pilatus for guidance—then fellates his invisible mentor, complete with analingus and a reach-around.

9. WORST CAMEO BY A LIFE-THREATENING ILLNESS

Funny People

When we first heard there was going to be a Judd Apatow comedy starring Seth Rogen and Adam Sandler, we were anticipating 90 enjoyable minutes of dick jokes. Instead, we got Sandler as a bitter, lonely comedian with leukemia. Not funny.

10. WORST LOCATION SCOUTING/WARDROBE

Whiteout

This painfully bad comic-book adaptation added insult to injury with its Antarctic location. Whose bright idea was it to hide Kate Beckinsale's perfect body under a puffy parka?

11. BIGGEST THREAT TO OUR MANHOOD

Paranormal Activity

Like a few million other unsuspecting moviegoers, we figured the low-budget flick would be campy fun. Instead, we screamed like schoolgirls, used our girlfriends as human shields, and insisted on sleeping with a night-light for a month. As it turns out, none of those things get you laid.

12. BIGGEST "FUCK YOU" TO THE CARDINAL RULE OF ARMAGEDDON FLICKS

Nicolas Cage in *Knowing*

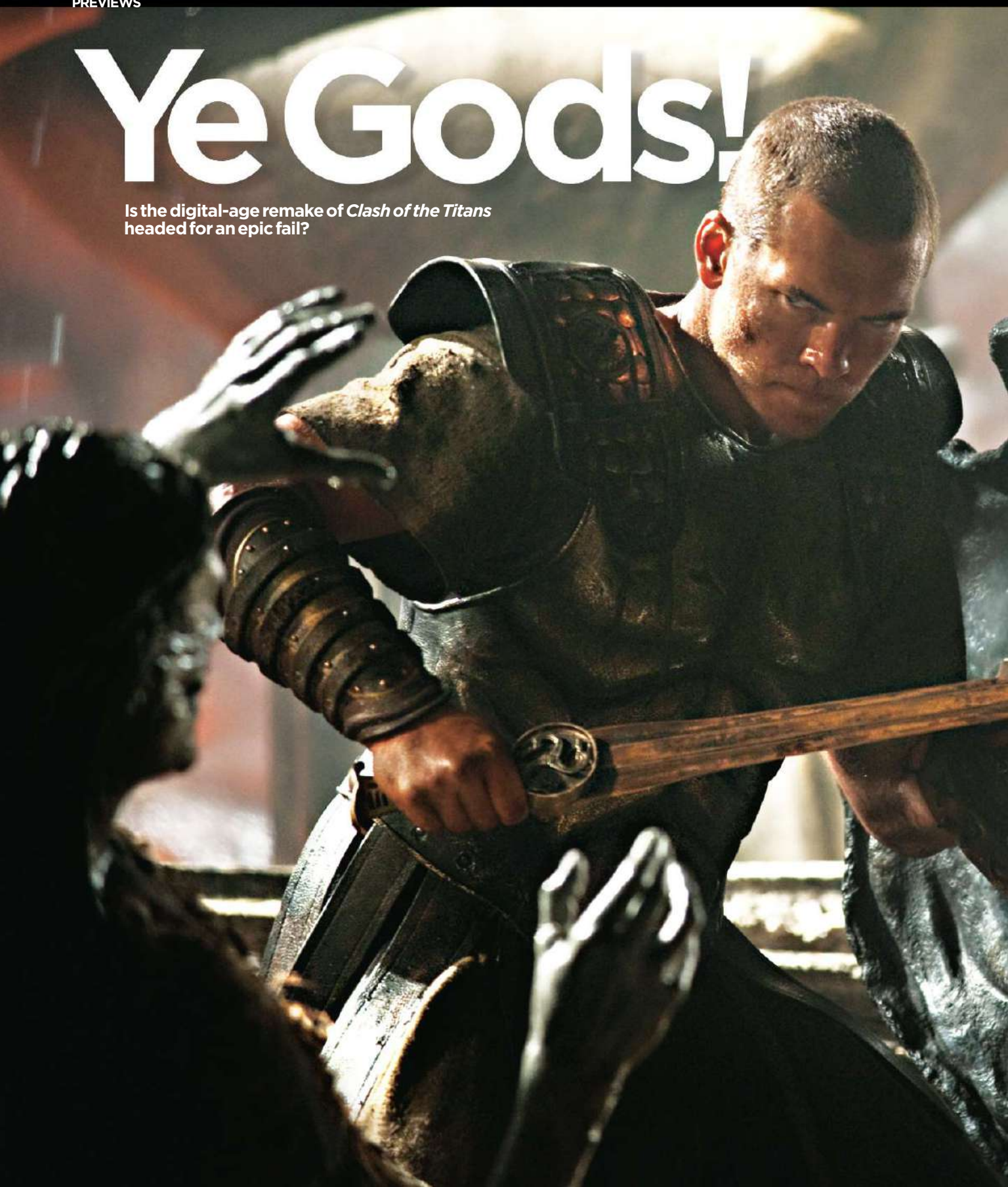
The rule is, an action hero saves the world, even if he dies in the process. He does not send his son to safety, then hole up with his parents while the planet gets incinerated.

MOVIE TITLES THAT COULD BE PORN

Cherry Blossoms ❖ *Donkey Punch* ❖ *Push* ❖ *Two Lovers* ❖ *Phoebe in Wonderland* ❖ *The Limits of Control* ❖ *What Goes Up* ❖ *It Might Get Loud* ❖ *Five Minutes of Heaven* ❖ *Sorority Row* ❖ *Whip It* ❖ *The Box*

Ye Gods!

Is the digital-age remake of *Clash of the Titans* headed for an epic fail?



Clash of the Titans
Liam Neeson, Ralph Fiennes, Danny Huston, Sam Worthington

In the immortal words of the gods: Release the motherfucking Kraken. (That's the technical term for giant squidlike sea monsters.) We'll hear no disrespect toward the lovable 1981 mythological blockbuster film with the same title, which featured stop-motion animation by the legendary Ray Harryhausen (*Jason and the Argonauts*, *Mighty Joe Young*), plus a bunch of Brits running around in robes. A remake was inevitable—maybe as inevitable as the casting of the generically handsome Worthington as Perseus. Look to the supporting cast for the thunder and lightning here: Neeson as Zeus, Fiennes as Hades, and—possibly out-hamming them both—Huston as Poseidon, lord of the sea.

All of the special effects will be CGI this time, which could mean some Emmerich-size mayhem and, of course, bigger Kraken! Don't look to the directorial stylings of Louis Leterrier (*The Incredible Hulk*) for any kind of wit. But do keep an eye out for an even scarier (or cheesier?) Medusa, she of the swirling-snakes coiffure. Early word says she's noseless this time out. Lucky her; if this one turns out to be a grand stinker (a real possibility), she won't even notice.

The Losers
Zoë Saldana, Jeffrey Dean Morgan, Idris Elba, Jason Patric

You *sort of* saw Saldana in James Cameron's 3-D epic, *Avatar,* but she's really not all that tall or turquoise. A better showcase was last summer's *Star Trek,* where she played the rebooted, tough-as-nails Uhura. Those two credits seem to have put her in good stead with the geek squad: This month, Saldana appears as an assassin trained in multiple combat skills and general badassery. She's part of a tarnished team of former black-ops specialists who intend to take revenge on the CIA and the folks who sold them out. As action movies go, this one looks pretty cynical; the script may benefit from a draft by *The Kingdom*'s Peter Berg.

Kick-Ass features a foul-mouthed little girl in a purple costume planting her boot in bad guys' faces at the end of ultraviolent action sequences.

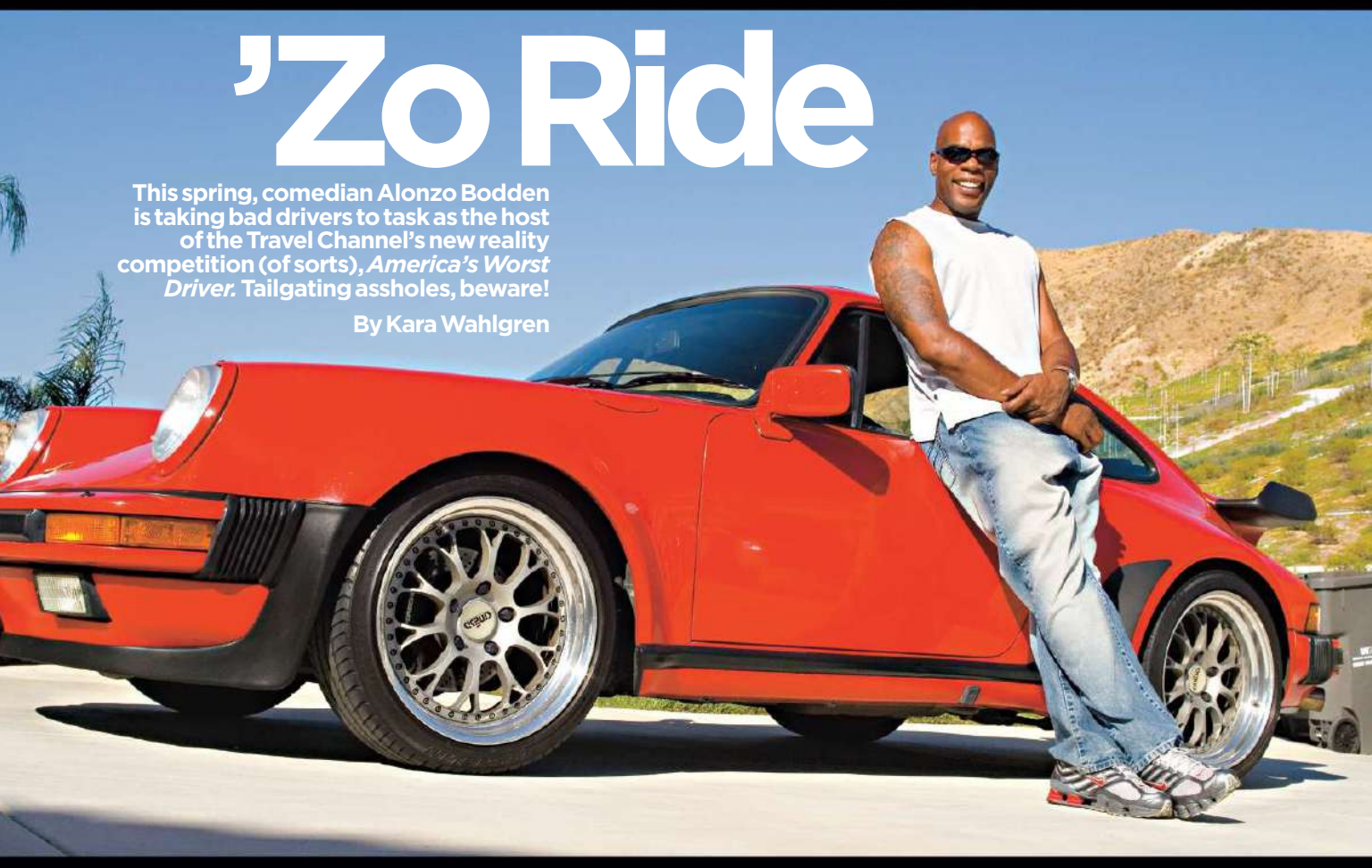
Kick-Ass
Nicolas Cage, Mark Strong, Christopher Mintz-Plasse

Superheroes can't be super or heroic anymore—it's not what viewers want. Bring on the bizarre psychologies and terse dispositions—or at least a blue radioactive dude. Okay, then: How about a foul-mouthed little girl (Chloe Moretz) in a purple costume planting her boot in bad guys' faces at the end of ultraviolent action sequences? *Kick-Ass* comes from yet another underground comic series you haven't heard of (this one's by Mark Millar and illustrator John Romita Jr.). The film version killed at Austin's South by Southwest fest; it even has room for Cage as the dad. But then he's in every other release these days, isn't he? Don't hold it against this one.

Repo Men
Jude Law, Forest Whitaker, Liev Schreiber

Wait, didn't we see this one already? If you remember *Repo Man* (singular), the Emilio Estevez flick from 1984, then we salute your good taste in cult movies. But even more troubling here is the fact that a horror film called *Repo! The Genetic Opera* just came out a year or so ago, with pretty much the same plot: In the future, artificial organs will be sold to patients in need, but don't fall behind on your payments or the long knives will come out. What's the appeal of the new version? Over-the-top black comedy blended with hard-core action sequences? The cast? Law plays a reclaimer gone rogue, along with pals and colleagues Whitaker and Schreiber. Also: RZA has a cameo. Expect the remake of this remake by the end of the year.

'Zo Ride



This spring, comedian Alonzo Bodden is taking bad drivers to task as the host of the Travel Channel's new reality competition (of sorts), *America's Worst Driver.* Tailgating assholes, beware!

By Kara Wahlgren

Tell us a little bit about *America's Worst Driver.*
We went to eight cities around America, and the producers found four drivers and four passengers in each city. An off-duty cop follows each pair in a van. Every time they do something wrong, he hits the lights. If they screw up, they lose points. Through each stage, one person gets eliminated. We put cameras and microphones in each car so we could listen to them fight. Finally, when we get to the worst driver, we destroy their car.

Their own personal car?
Oh, yeah. We've had monster trucks, explosives, car-eating robots.

So why would anyone enter this competition?
People entered for a lot of different reasons. A wife in Seattle literally entered to prove to her husband that she was *not* America's worst driver.

When you were sending these bad drivers out onto the streets, did you ever fear for the other people on the road?
Well, we did have two contestants in the course of the competition get pulled over by actual on-duty cops. Now, think about how you drive if you know there's a cop following you—if you still drive so badly that *another* cop pulls you over, you have serious problems.

What's your personal driving pet peeve?
For me, slow people in the fast lane. I really hate when they cut in front of you, then hit the brakes. It's like, "You really had to get in front of me?"

What state do you think has the worst drivers?
You know something? We had impressions going in, and we found that there are bad drivers everywhere—they just have different ways of doing it. In New York, your bad drivers are timid in a city of aggressive drivers. In Miami, it's the opposite: You have people ripping around amongst these senior citizens who can't see over the wheel. So there isn't one city where I could say, "Wow, these are the worst drivers." And it's not a man or woman thing—there are bad men drivers, bad women drivers. We had them all.

What's your own worst driving habit?
Well, some might say I drive too fast. I'd say it's in a controlled manner. But I've been known to speed here and there.

What's the last thing you got pulled over for?
Doing 85 in a 65 zone. I got out of it because the cop recognized

> "When people watch this, they're going to relate. You're going to be like, 'Hey, wait a minute, I do that. I don't use my turn signal, I speed through a school zone, I scare pedestrians.'"

me from television. Now and then, it pays off. But actually, I'm a good driver. I've been to high-performance driving schools, and I used to teach traffic school in L.A.

You also used to work as an airplane mechanic. Were there any parts of that job that you liked better than doing comedy?
None. I love being a comic. I mean, the aerospace job was fun just because I'm a techie—I built stealth fighters for Lockheed, so I got to work on top-secret aircraft. But I definitely love this more.

You're brutally honest in your routines. Have you ever told a joke and then thought, *Oh, shit, I crossed the line*?
No. There's no line, because even if they hate you, they're responding to the joke, and that means they're listening to you. I was fortunate enough to work with George Carlin once, and he said, "The trick is to take them across the line and then make them glad they came."

What do you think is the difference between comedians who can get away with it and those who can't?
Attitude and confidence. If you're scared to say it, they'll be scared to hear it. People can tell the difference between something funny and something mean-spirited. It's like the instincts of a dog. You know how they can smell fear? A crowd can tell when you're serious and when you're kidding. Michael Richards was a perfect example—the crowd knew he wasn't kidding. He showed who he truly was in that moment [when he launched into a racist tirade onstage in 2006].

What makes *you* laugh?
I like smart stuff, like *Family Guy* or *The Simpsons,* which are funny on so many subtle levels. I like comics who are completely different from me—guys like Harland Williams or Jeremy Hotz. I like some of the bromance movies, but I'd like to see a funny movie without Seth Rogen in it. I'm not sure if Hollywood allows that.

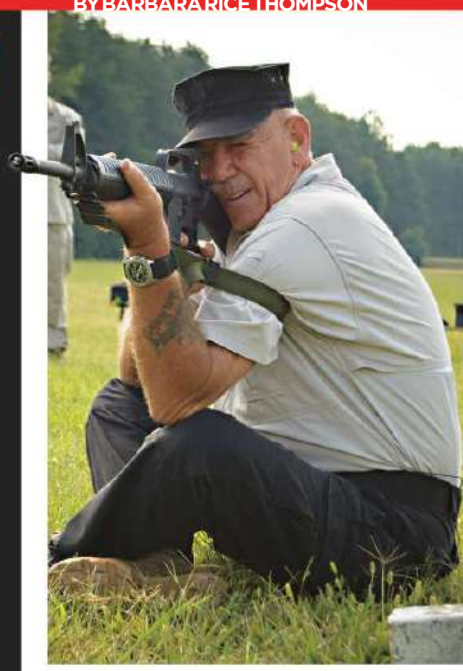
You've done movies. How do they compare to stand-up?
I haven't done anything where I would consider myself an actor. But I have huge respect for good actors. And I'm just curious how bad actors get movies. I'd like a few of Tyrese Gibson's gigs. You know how you see it and you're like, "How did he get that job?" I want to be that guy. I want to be Paul Walker.

What do you hope people take away from *AWD*?
When people watch this show, they're going to relate. You're either going to turn to the person you're watching with and say, "I've seen you do that!" or you're going to be honest and be like, "Hey, wait a minute, *I* do that. I don't use my turn signal, I speed through a school zone, I scare pedestrians."

Is there anything else coming up for you?
I'll be doing another Comedy Central one-hour special toward the end of 2010. And then, who knows? I'm doing the next thing they hire me to do.

DVDs

BY BARBARA RICE THOMPSON



Lock N' Load With R. Lee Ermey: The Complete Season One
If only history class had been like this History Channel series. Ermey is a familiar face to most men, as a screening of *Full Metal Jacket* is (or should be) required viewing upon reaching the age of consent. Here, Gunny delves into the evolution of specific weapons, tracing the development of the obvious—Gatling gun to modern-day Humvee-mounted rapid-fire machine gun, for instance; as well as the pistol, the armored vehicle, and the helicopter—and the not-so-obvious—bunker busters like the trebuchet, rockets, and one of our favorites, the blade, from ancient bronze to samurai sword to modern bayonet. He uses cutaways and video clips to illustrate his points, but of course the reason to watch is that he also demonstrates the destructive possibilities of each weapon by shooting, stabbing, and blowing up shit. It's truly fascinating and informative, and entertaining as hell.

The Lord of the Rings: The Motion Picture Trilogy
Sure, *Avatar* bumped it into third place on the list of box-office champs, but a Blu-ray release was still inevitable. This collection includes the theatrical version of all three films, with seven hours of bonus features (we assume the same features as on the standard-def theatrical release), BD Live interactive capability, and digital downloads. FYI: Warner Home Video is planning to release a Blu-ray edition of the extended editions in the future, although the date has not yet been announced.

High Plains Invaders
A Wild West town is crawling with giant, insect-like alien robots. A raggedy team of townspeople and ne'er-do-wells, led by murderer and train robber Sam Danville (sci-fi fave James Marsters), who's delivered from the hangman's noose by the creatures' arrival, fights for their lives. Marsters carries the film, delivering a top-notch performance as the guilt-ridden Danville, which unfortunately highlights the B-grade acting of the rest of the cast. But the writing is decent, with a lack of annoying one-liners and a pretty heavy theme of redemption and sacrifice. This is an enjoyable escape, with serviceable CGI and a Sheryl Crow look-alike, tough-as-nails bounty hunter (Sanny Van Heteren). But mostly: cowboys and aliens! Awesome!—*Christine Colby*

Southern Gothic

With their eighth album, *The Big To-Do,* Drive-By Truckers cement their reputation as the era's premier purveyors of killer songs about the Southland.

DRIVE-BY TRUCKERS
The Big To-Do
(ATO)

Boozy barroom brawls, all-night drives, six-shooters, and six-strings: There are no greater proselytizers of the mythology of the American South working today than Georgia's Drive-By Truckers. The highest highs of the Truckers' 14-year career have often occurred when their multiheaded songwriting machine (led by Patterson Hood and Mike Cooley) dealt with their Dixie forebears directly, as on 2001's *Southern Rock Opera* (about Lynyrd Skynyrd) and 2004's *The Dirty South* (about Sun Records—and a lot more). Album No. 8 is less focused but equally transporting: from gruff rockers ("The Fourth Night of My Drinking") to tenderhearted ballads ("Santa Fe"), it's the sound of a band intent on making its own sort of history.

BY ANDY GREENWALD

DROPKICK MURPHYS
Live on Lansdowne, Boston MA
(Born & Bred)

St. Patrick's Day is Mardi Gras for Boston's shot-and-a-beer punks Dropkick Murphys: The culty Celts celebrate the drunkest day of the year with an annual weeklong residency in Beantown. This celebratory record captures 20 songs culled from seven Guinness-soaked shows in 2009. There are some surprises (the Mighty Mighty Bosstones pop up on a killer version of the Murphys' biggest song, "I'm Shipping Up to Boston"), a lot of local color (shout-outs to the Bruins and the T), and some Hall of Fame–worthy accents ("Thanks from the bottom of *owa hahts*!"). You don't need to be from Southie to sing along. But it helps.

BLACK REBEL MOTORCYCLE CLUB
Beat the Devil's Tattoo
(Abstract Dragon/Vagrant)

The glowering, leather-clad boys and girl of Black Rebel Motorcycle Club certainly look the part. They even sound the part: All five of their albums are drenched in atmospheric feedback and bristle with psych-rock snarl. But despite the L.A. trio's admirable attention to detail, their music rarely rises above the heavy weight of its influences, particularly that of eighties scuzz-rock legends the Jesus and Mary Chain. Here, the turgid "War Machine" howls incoherently, while "The Toll" is passable blues for bored people. An A for attitude, sure, but the songs are C-level work.

BROKEN BELLS
Broken Bells
(Columbia)

On paper, this collaboration between producer Danger Mouse (Gnarls Barkley, *The Grey Album*) and songwriter James Mercer (the Shins, Zach Braff's career) is a slam dunk. Unfortunately, on record it's an air ball. It turns out that the pairing of two faceless, tasteful tastemakers is a recipe for blandness; *Broken Bells* disappoints in almost every respect. It's a tepid collection of meandering, mildly funky indie-rock crying out for a personality as strong as Gnarls frontman Cee-Lo, or a single song as memorable as the Shins' "New Slang." Lesson: Two wallflowers don't make a garden. They make wallpaper.

REVIEWS

God of War III

SONY (PS3)

In the final—and most gruesome—chapter to the *God of War* series, Kratos is even more pissed off than last time. Early on, he rips off the head of Helios in an action sequence that is not for the squeamish. In another battle, he can ride on the Cyclops to wipe out smaller enemies, then yank out the monster's eye.

Your angry protagonist is hell-bent on destroying Mount Olympus this time around. To get there, he'll fly with the wings of Icarus and battle on the backs of mountain-size Titans using the Cestus, gauntlets that enable him to do such nasty things as rip the head off the Chimera, and of course his trademark Blades of Athena. As Kratos faces off directly against many of the powerful deities this time, you finally get to see the famed gardens and chamber of the gods—then lay the beauty to waste.

Despite all the action, sex has not been forgotten. Though we're not saying what happens, rest assured there will be naked hotties.

JUST CAUSE 2

SQUARE ENIX (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

Rico Rodriguez is ready to wreak more havoc, this time on the expansive fictional island of Panau in Southeast Asia. A military coup staged by the president's ruthless son shook things up, and now the island has gone from a paradise getaway to a complete nightmare. Rodriguez is happy to help quell the violence, as long as he gets paid.

Rocks: Like in the original, you can complete tasks any way you like. For instance, in one of the first missions, you're supposed to destroy surface-to-air missiles with explosives; we just yanked a heavy machine gun off its base and went to town. If that's not your style, you can pick up weapons from fallen enemies or buy them on the black market. The grappling hook and parachuting combo—which lets you soar to a destination, then pull yourself in with the grappling hook—gives you more freedom in the air. Blowing stuff up is quite satisfying, especially when it earns you more. The PS3's built-in video-capturing system can upload your destruction to YouTube in 30-second increments.

Flops: Parachuting and grappling efficiently both take time to master, which can cause some frustration early on. The characters' facial animations are disappointing.

★★★

MOTOGP 09/10

CAPCOM (XBOX 360, PS3)

MotoGP hasn't gotten any easier, but once you've conquered the steep learning curve, you're golden. You'll be able to keep the bike off the grass and avoid flipping it. Expect it to take about a half hour or so to get a handle on the realistic controls.

Rocks: A deep career mode allows you to brand your team and rider with everything from nationality to the design on their leathers. You can steal points from others in arcade mode and use your engineers to research ways to improve your bike and, in turn, your ability to smoke other racers.

Flops: The music is much too mellow to get anyone pumped up for racing.

PREVIEWS

COMMAND & CONQUER 4

EA (PC)

It's 2062, 15 years after *C&C 3*, and only the Global Defense Initiative and the Brotherhood of NOD are left to finish up the Tiberium storyline. At first, the two sides share the same goal: to stop Tiberium from annihilating Earth. Egos soon get in the way and hope of peace breaks down.

Rocks: Upgrades have returned. Because the game is fully online, you'll have access to all the new goodies whenever they become available.

Flops: The Scrin are totally gone and the Forgotten faction is no longer playable, but you can use Forgotten units in addition to your own in multiplayer mode. You have to be online at all times to play, whether you're in single-player or multiplayer mode. As we closed the door to the Tiberium storyline, though, we wanted to be online for those final moments.

MLB 10: The Show vs. *MLB 2K10*

Unless you're a devotee of a particular sports franchise, it can be hard to tell which new title you should pick up. We caught up on the differences in the two best videogame versions of baseball just in time for spring training.

MLB 10: THE SHOW

SONY (PS3, PS2, PSP, PSP GO)

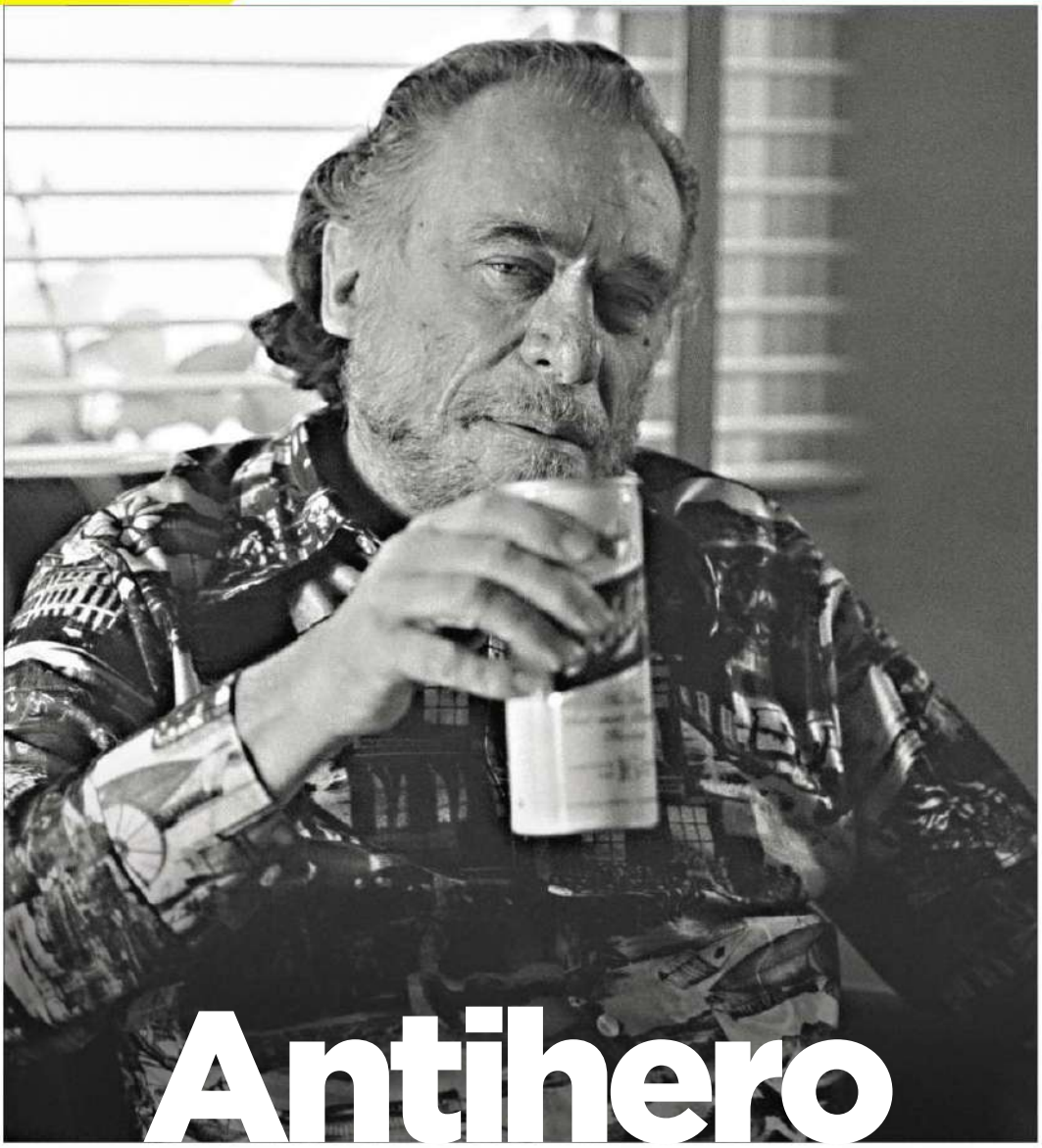
- The controls remain intuitive.
- It features a slew of new animation, including over-running bases, checking swings at various points, and having the ball bounce and still be in play after you've butterfingered it.
- You control a 40-man roster online.
- Catchers gain some power by sending hand signals to the pitcher.
- A new feature captures the feel and growth of players during the season as they change their style, break out, fall behind, etc.—just as in real life.
- You can now reverse reviews umpires make of foul-line home runs.

MLB 2K10

2K (XBOX 360, PS3, WII, PC, DS, PSP)

- It's more technical when it comes to the controls.
- It puts pitching at the core.
- You have the opportunity to put the ball exactly where you want it—if you and your player are skilled enough to do so.
- As your pitcher continues through the innings, his stamina will suffer. You choose when to pull him.
- Offensively, whether you hit a foul ball or a double is all about reaction time and how much attention you pay to the pitcher.

BY JOHN BOLSTER

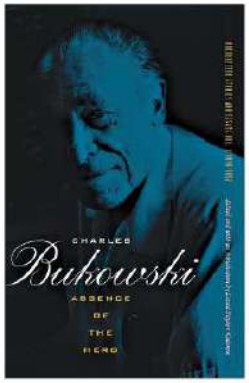


Antihero

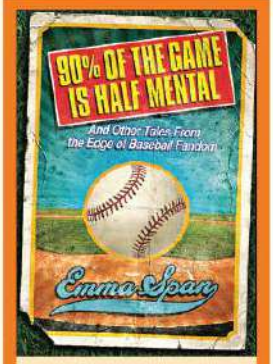
A new volume from the late, lamented dirty old man, Charles Bukowski.

Absence of the Hero: Uncollected Stories and Essays, Vol. 2: 1946–1992
By Charles Bukowski
Edited and with an introduction by David Calonne
City Lights Publishers

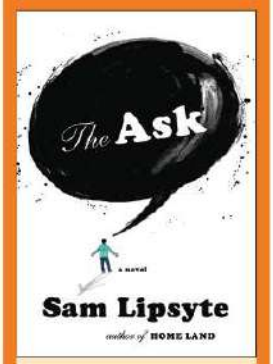
Say what you want about Charles Bukowski's proper place in the history of literature—and many, many have, including, most frequently, the author himself—there's no denying that the man was an energetic (and prolific) showman with style and humor to burn. This second volume of uncollected works, with a healthy ratio of wheat to chaff, backs up the case. The pieces range over nearly half a century, and include a story about a baseball player seized by a sudden bout of existential paralysis, along with early, graphically sexual (and masterfully comic) stories published in such smut mags as *Candid Press*. There are also essays on literary theory and poets loved and loathed by the author. Some of the literary essays bog down in ax-grinding, but mostly Bukowski hews tightly to the old adage about literature being meant to "entertain and instruct"—emphasizing the former to grease the skids for the latter.



REVIEWS



Inside-baseball types are not going to learn anything new here, but they will be entertained by this collection of funny, intelligent essays from Villard, and they'll recognize a kindred spirit in Span, who briefly covered the New York baseball beat for *The Village Voice*. Yet many of the book's best moments have nothing to do with the game, as when she details the odd jobs she's had, including a stint "providing content for online e-tailers"—or, as she put it at cocktail parties, "summarizing porn."



With the same dark humor he brought to *Home Land*, Lipsyte sketches a down-on-his-luck young father, Milo, who's been tapped to reel in a big donor (aka an "ask") who's also a friend by the university that used to employ him. With less emphasis on plot than on loony characters and wordplay, this antic story from Farrar, Straus, and Giroux features one of the most foulmouthed single dads you'll ever meet, along with sex, foreskins, and a woman named Vargina.—*Rachel Kramer Bussel*

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOAN GANNJ/GETTY IMAGES

SHOW THEM YOU'VE GOT GAME

Hit the links and the Clubs in style with the PENTHOUSE™ Golf Collection. Featuring hip headwear, fashion polos and high performance balls, for the golfer who wants to add a little excitement to their next round. Tees, golf balls and markers are also available in great gifts sets.

PENTHOUSE™
GOLF

www.penthouse-golf.com

Cams.com
The Wildest Live Webcams

Cams.com is a service mark of StreamRay Inc. Used by permission. Model depicted in photo.
*Access to certain site features requires an upgrade from a free membership to a paid membership.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN DOMINIS/TIME LIFE PICTURES/GETTY IMAGES

Even when it's the end of the world as we know it, we'll still need gadgets—if only to avoid terminal boredom. In the twenty-first century, stocking up on electronics is as essential as piling up the canned goods.

By Crispin Boyer

Survival Gear

Skylight
Lenovo • $499

Lenovo's Skylight "smartbook"—billed as the first-of-its-kind love child of a netbook and a smartphone—offers a full-size keyboard, a ten-inch screen, and cable-free connectivity via Wi-Fi and AT&T's 3G network, yet it's light and sleek enough to toss around like a Frisbee. There's no boot time, and the ten-hour battery life is outstanding. Typical online activities—flirting on Facebook, watching videos of fat kids falling on YouTube, etc.—are streamlined through web widgets, and storage options make it easy to pack along music and movies. And if you bring along porn, you can avoid those telltale movie charges on your hotel bill.

YoGen charger
Easy Energy • $40

Got a hot babe in your life who thinks power outlets are for sissies? Show her you're the kind of real man who can recharge on-the-go gizmos with elbow grease. Each rip of the cord on the pocket-size YoGen pumps five watts into cellphones, iPods, handheld gaming systems, etc., resurrecting them pronto. The easy action of the cord coupled with the high ratio of power output to muscle input makes it easy to be green—though it's time-consuming (one minute of YoGen tugging translates to five minutes of cellphone talk time). Still, we can't think of a handier item to have around for when the fossil fuels run dry.

The Skylight offers a full-size keyboard, a ten-inch screen, and cable-free connectivity, yet it's light enough to toss around like a Frisbee.

Nexus One
Google • $179 with T-Mobile contract; $529 unlocked

Like any good techno-war, Google's bid to wrestle smartphone supremacy from Apple's iPhone began with a platoon of androids—specifically, a pile of phones powered by Google's Android operating system. The leader of the pack is the Nexus One. It's armed with a punchier processor, sharper screen, and better camera than the iPhone, and it offers such nifty features as voice dictation for composing emails and dual microphones for clearer audio pickup. What it lacks in apps—only a fraction of the iPhone's extensive library—it makes up for in network freedom: The unlocked version lets you choose from a wide variety of network providers. As with the iPhone, you need an "unofficial" app to download porn. Check out MiKandi and SexAppShop.

Volta PU

Nixon • $240 to $270

Rugged and waterproof for the surf, but stylish enough for the turf, Nixon's stainless-steel Volta PU is an all-day watch for the active hipster. It comes in several case, face, and band colors, but it's green all over: A solar-recharge system keeps it juiced for life, so you'll never need to crack its case and change the battery. This is a watch that likes being outside as much as you do.

Cyber-shot DSC-HX5V

Sony • $350

The latest model in Sony's venerable Cyber-shot series knows too damn much. The good: It knows to nix moving objects and fix faces in its special panoramic mode, which constructs wide-angle vistas when you sweep the camera's pro-quality lens across scenery. It knows how to snap multiple low-light photos in the blink of an eye, then smash them together into a single dazzling night image. The scary: It knows where you live. This 10.2-megapixel camera has a built-in GPS receiver and compass to remind you where you were when you snapped each pic or recorded an HD flick. It's only a matter of time till you see one on *CSI*.

mPower Emergency Illuminator

mPower Technologies • $289

Anyone not named Richard Branson would balk at shelling out three C-notes for a flashlight, but the water-resistant, wallet-repellent mPower Emergency Illuminator is not your average every-night light. You can use standard batteries for normal use, but it packs a reserve cell with a 20-year shelf life. Let the Illuminator sit in the closet for the next five presidential terms, and it'll still power on to light your darkest hour. And the USB charging port will juice your portable electronics, so not even the apocalypse will interrupt your Twittering. Plus, it's got a sleek industrial look by Porsche Design Studio, so the Illuminator may be the only flashlight that helps get you laid.

Neato XV-11

Neato Robotics • $399

If the Roomba is the plucky R2-D2 of the robotic-vacuum market, the Neato is the Terminator. The Neato XV-11 is designed to outsmart and outsuck its competition, with lasers that scan your pad for obstacles and a vacuum motor that's modeled after a mini jet engine—everything but surface-to-cobweb missiles. Unlike the Roomba, which bounces off furniture to wander willy-nilly after dust bunnies, the XV-11 is constantly calculating its position and cleaning each room with military precision. That means it spends less time roaming your halls and more time at its recharging station, silently plotting the robo-vac uprising against its slob masters.

CHEVY'S IMAGE TRANSFORMER

The all-new Camaro is not just a remake of an American icon—it's a sure sign that GM is getting its mojo back.

By Bill Heald

Many years ago, Tom Petty and his Heartbreakers sang about how "the waiting is the hardest part," and this popular tune seemed appropriate for everything from foreplay to steak dinners—and an updated Chevy Camaro. When the Camaro disappeared from the company's lineup after the 2002 model year, the rumors started almost immediately that GM would start from scratch and build an all-new pony car for the twenty-first century. A concept fifth-generation Camaro appeared at the Detroit Auto Show in 2006, and from that point on, fans of the iconic sports car waited for a production model to appear in showrooms. The process dragged on, and fans were teased further by the car's appearance in the *Transformers* movies (where it was drooled over, although not nearly as much as Megan Fox). But the car is finally here, and it was well worth the wait, for one simple reason: The concept car that everybody fell in love with years ago somehow managed to make it out of the factory in a production version. There are a few changes, of course, but the overall execution of the muscular, heavy-metal, futuristic body (and very contemporary chassis) is largely intact and a stunning thing to see in the flesh.

There's always a huge difference between a photo and the real thing—and no, I'm not drifting back to Megan Fox fantasies, but referring to the feeling you get when you situate yourself behind the wheel of

Sharp, sensual lines balance the future with the familiar, and the engine, chassis, and interior deliver the attitude.

Chevy's most important offering in many years. After so much emphasis on fuel economy, and Chevy's own Volt hybrid being advanced by an extraordinary PR effort that threatens to overshadow the renewed muscle coupe's early *Transformers* glory, the Camaro is a throwback that manages to be fresh and aggressive enough to steal all the attention in any parking lot you moor it in. Whereas its Mustang and Challenger competition are primarily retro in execution, the Camaro manages to touch the past *and* embrace our tech-heavy present, with impressive attention to detail inside and out.

Here's something else about this car that is quite special: While a ride like this is usually celebrated in enthusiast literature in its big-block 6.2-liter V-8 SS version, Chevrolet made the "standard" engine an excellent companion to its new icon and every bit as entertaining as its larger sibling. The 3.6-liter direct-injection V-6 generates a non-wimpy 304 horsepower and sounds unusually gutsy for a V-6, in a home-built hot-rod sort of way. Six-speed transmissions (either manual or a very slick automatic with Performance Algorithm Shifting and paddle shifters on the wheel for instant gear changes) get the power to the rear wheels, where the Camaro's traction control/StabiliTrak systems can be canceled for burnouts and drifting the big hoss around corners. The fully independent suspension gobbles up nastier bumps well—especially when you encounter them mid-corner—so you can pull the trigger coming out of a hairpin and rocket to the next apex like a flat-tracker. Steering feedback is great, and the side bolsters on the bucket seats help keep you in place during more spirited thrashing.

Our tester was loaded with cool options, including the Rally Sport package and massive 21-inch wheels, as well as an ambient interior light package that tempts attractive eyes to walk over to see the car and examine the inside as well. Oh, did I mention this coupe is an incredible babe magnet? To be honest, it's also a kid, old-man, small-dog, and truck-driver magnet, making it a not-so-good choice if you don't like attention.

The low roofline and smallish windows make the cabin a cozy, cavelike affair, and the rear seat is too small for adults, so you can tell your buds to get their own ride when you're with your significant other. It took a good long time, but the GM folks delivered on what looked almost too good to be true. Brilliant.

SPECIFICATIONS	
Body style	Two-door coupe
Engine	3.7-liter V-6, direct injection
Power	304 horsepower
Torque	273 foot-pounds
Transmission	Six-speed automatic or manual
Front tires	245/40 ZR21
Rear tires	245/40 ZR21
Curb weight	3,719 pounds
PERFORMANCE	
0–60	6.5 seconds
Top speed	155 mph
Fuel capacity	19 gallons
Fuel economy (est.)	18 city/29 highway
Price as tested	$37,390

Is the world ready for a silent motorcycle? The Zero S shows that electricity can be as fun as high octane when it's mated to two wheels.

By Bill Heald

Get Your Motor Ru

It was a very strange sensation. I was sitting at a stoplight in Brooklyn, enduring the painful audio of a straight-pipe Harley behind me while my motorcycle did not emit a sound. The light changed and we pulled away, and while the big Hog sounded like a dump truck with no muffler, my Zero S produced a subdued, futuristic whine as it propelled me down the street at a healthy clip. I never needed to touch the clutch lever to shift because there wasn't one (there's no gearbox), and the machine's light weight and abundance of torque whipped me around corners like I was on a sport bike. This was my first trip on one of the first electric motorcycles available to the public, and I was digging it. There's a big battery unit attached to an electric motor where the engine resides on a conventional motorcycle, and you literally plug the beast in for around three hours to get juiced up for roughly 60 miles of riding. The chassis has its roots in Motocross, and while the Zero S is a street bike, there are Motocross and Dual Sport variants as well.

The Zero S is modern, true, but even though the battery technology is state-of-the-art, one of the coolest things about this ride is how surprisingly simple it is. Electric motors are very straightforward devices, and practically maintenance-

The Zero S is modern, but surprisingly simple. This is a young company's first major street effort, and the mind reels at what silent warriors we may see in the future.

SPECIFICATIONS	
Engine type	Brushed permanent magnet electric motor
Bore x stroke	N/A
Displacement	N/A
Fuel system	Lithium-ion battery array, four kilowatts
Ignition	None
Transmission	Clutchless, one-speed
Front suspension	48-mm telescopic forks, rebound and compression adjustable
Rear suspension	Single shock, rebound adjustable
Front brake	Single 259-mm disc
Rear brake	Single 219-mm disc
Front tire	110/70-16
Rear tire	140/70-16
Fuel tank	None; 60-mile battery range
Wheelbase	55.7 inches
Seat height	35.5 inches
Dry weight	225 pounds
MSRP	$9,950 plus $500 shipping

nnin'

free. The broad range of torque and the characteristics of the motor's power delivery make a transmission unnecessary. The Zero S has a very elegant aluminum frame and rear swingarm, and total weight is a wispy 225 pounds. The mass of the bike is quite centralized, so stability and overall handling are both excellent. The suspension components are of decent quality as well, and one of the wild aspects of riding this thing is that you can actually hear the suspension work (especially on Brooklyn's busted pavement). In fact, every rattle of every component can be heard since there's no engine noise to mask it.

The riding position on the Zero S is comfortably upright, and while the seat height is a lofty 35.5 inches, the bike's light weight makes paddling around when parking an easy affair. The seat itself is the only thing I really didn't like, as it's basically a brick, which foils all-day comfort. The instrument cluster looks quite familiar, but instead of a fuel gauge you have a charge-level indicator that tells you how much juice your battery pack has left. Top speed is a claimed 60 mph, and as I got real close to that blasting down back streets, I think you could do some light-duty highway use on it. Considering this is a young company and the Zero S is their first major street effort, the mind reels at what other silent warriors we may see in the near future. Available through ZeroMotorcycles.com.

Pimp Your Pad

Having a potential fuck buddy living in the next room sounds like a great idea—at first. Our twenty-first-century rogue weighs your options.

Illustration by Celia Calle

Dear Scoundrel:
I'm currently looking for a roommate, and my ad has gotten a lot of responses from hot chicks who are into my building's in-house gym. I'm tempted to go with one of the women I've hit it off with in the hopes that I can parlay it into a roommate-with-benefits situation, but I'm worried that she'll end up getting jealous when I bring other girls around.

Dude, don't go down this road. First of all, forget about *her* getting jealous. What happens when she brings home some hipster asshole and you hear her getting off—loudly—five times when you didn't get so much as an *ay papi* out of her? Or if she straight-up rebuffs you and you have to see all the tools she couch-fucks instead? I don't blame you for wanting to get blown, but trust me—the only blow your roommate will deliver is one to your ego.

That said, you've stumbled on perhaps one of the best ways to pick up women: the pimp-pad bait and switch. Here's how it works: You post an ad pimping out your apartment. When a girl shows up, she's usually new in town and looking for a friend, or at least someone who knows where to get a good chocolatini. Or maybe things went bust with a live-in boyfriend. Either way, she has no choice but to make get-to-know-you talk, and this is your moment to shine. Say things like, "You should know I come home late some nights because I volunteer at a homeless shelter." Or, "The great thing about this neighborhood is the doggie day care. You can see these cute little puppies in the window. I just love puppies." Show off your cultural savvy by singing the praises of the local bookstores and art-house movie theaters. You get the idea. A few days later, call and tell her that, unfortunately, someone who came earlier took the apartment, but you enjoyed meeting her so much that you'd love to chat some more, and show her that restaurant you told her about. She'll probably date you just to get access to that in-house gym.

Your goal should be to find a roommate who is enough of a reprobate to constantly lie about moving out—preferably one who has expensive-looking furniture and shit that you can pass off as yours. Heck, you might get so good at lying about apartments that you'll transition into a lucrative career as a real estate agent and never have to live with a roommate again.

Expert Opinion

Our October 2009 Pet of the Month tells us the nine most common mistakes she sees guys making in bed ... and tells you how to fix each problem.

By Ryan Keely

If you want the perfect shave, you go to a barber. If you want to make the perfect martini, you consult a bartender. So if you want to improve your sex skills, why not get advice from a porn star? Just bear one thing in mind: Ryan is the Pet who happily told us that she doesn't make love; she has sex. If you're with a more romance-oriented woman, start small and gauge her reaction to, say, talking dirty. It could take a while for her to break out of the nice-girl mold.

1. Not making sandwiches. After a nice orgasm (or seven), I have one thing to say: "Where's my sandwich?" I'm starving after a serious sack session. **Your quick fix:** Please be a good host and keep sandwich-making materials on hand.

2. Coming first and thinking you're done. A failure to make me orgasm will result in the saddest face you've ever seen, followed by the worst night of sleep you've ever had—if you can sleep at all while a naked me is fondling your nether regions and grinding against you. **Your quick fix:** Get me off, of course. I'll be responsible for my own orgasm when I'm alone, but when I'm with you, I'm looking for something more. **Please note:** If you come first but you're still hard or quick to regain tumescence, all will be forgiven.

3. Trying every single foreplay move you've ever heard of. Foreplay is not as important as you think, unless you're ugly. Five minutes is plenty for me, and it can be plenty for most women if you do it right. **Your quick fix:** Make sure I'm wet or lubed up before you thrust into me, and at least sometimes make me come first. **Please note:** Oral sex is *sex,* not foreplay.

4. Asking permission once we've started puttin' stuff places. Obviously, all sex should be consensual. But once we're in the act, don't ask. **Your quick fix:** Just do it. Chances are good that I'll like it, and even if I don't, I'll appreciate the initiative. Trust me, if I don't want you to do something, I'll let you know.

5. Trying too many positions in too short a time frame. While I appreciate the enthusiasm, orgasms need time to build. **Your quick fix:** Relax and enjoy the moment. If we have lots of fun during round one, we can try new positions in round two, round three, round four....

6. Being passive. I want to have sex with a man, not a martyr. Don't let me feel like I'm forcing myself on you. **Your quick fix:** Be an active participant in the fun and games. And while we're on the subject ...

7. Not making noise. Try to tell me how it feels, even if all you can get out is grunts or expletives. It's the least you can do, since I'm going to be yelling about God and Jesus and how much I love your cock. **Your quick fix:** A few dirty comments and moans will let me know you're loving it, too.

8. Being weird about bodily fluids. Sex is messy, especially if you do it right. **Your quick fix:** Learn to love it—duh. Some things are worth getting used to, and this is definitely one of them.

9. Not letting me spoon you. Spooning goes both ways. It's not part of some evil plan to peg you—unless you want me to. **Your quick fix:** Just accept it. Life will be easier and your sex life will be better if you're the little spoon from time to time.

And don't forget my damn sandwich. Even PB&J will suffice.

Rock the Bock

When it comes to one of America's greatest pastimes, think German, of course.

By Betsy Andrews

WHEN SPRING-TRAINING STORIES HIT THE SPORTS PAGE, it's time to emulate the Germans. It's a long, cold winter in Bavaria, and when March arrives, everyone's itching for beer-garden fun, with Fräuleins in dirndls serving sausages and steins overflowing with malty brew. In Munich, a city that knows how to party al fresco, they kick off the season with a randy beer called *bock*.

Bock beer is traditionally brewed from fall-harvested barley, lagered over—or cold-stored—through winter, and tapped with the first blush of spring. Because it's packed full of malt and left to age, bock is a strong lager: a bottom-fermenting beer with an alcohol level starting around 6.25 percent. (A typical lager like Budweiser contains about five percent alcohol.) With little hops bitterness to taste, the brawn shows through in the form of a sucker punch. You're sipping away between bites of bratwurst, and before you know it, this big, sweet lug of a lager renders you slaphappy.

Imagine how the monks must've felt. In 1634, the brothers of the order of St. Francis of Paola founded a brewery near Munich. The Paulaner friars, vegetarians who fasted for Lent, drank the extra-potent "liquid bread" they brewed for sustenance. When they started selling beer to the public, their toffee-and-coffee-flavored *dopplebock,* or double-bock beer, proved so popular that it spawned imitators. Dopplebocks, which contain around 7.5 percent alcohol, have names that end in "-ator," mimicking the handle that the Paulaner Brewery gave its beer: "Salvator," which is Latin for "Savior."

But it's not all religion with bock; there are also the goats. "Bock" means "goat" in German, and some say the name derives from horny Capricorn, the zodiac sign that's ascendant when the beer is normally lagered. The ram has long been the mascot of this rutting season brew. Pre-Prohibition American bock labels depicted the lusty animals cavorting with buxom barmaids.

Most likely, though, bock beer's name and style actually come from the north German city of Einbeck, once famous for its long-lagered beer. Story has it that a duke from Einbeck who hooked up with a Bavarian aristocrat's daughter brought a brewer with him to Munich, where the Einbeck style caught on. The term "bock" is probably a Bavarian riff on Einbeck's name. Today, the Einbecker Brewery calls its bittersweet beer Ur-Bock, or "original bock."

Despite its Germanic origins, you don't have to don lederhosen to enjoy this spring-tapped lager. Since bocks run the range of styles and potencies, there's a ram's brew for just about any way you want to roll.

MAIBOCK, OR HELLES BOCK: This lightest of bocks celebrates May Day. Go to Munich's Hofbrauhaus *biergarten* this month and get soused with thousands of other revelers on maibock tapped by the city's mayor. On this side of the Atlantic, honey-hued **Smuttynose Maibock** and fruity **Sprecher Maibock** go down sweet and easy, with just a bit of bitter hops. Drink them to chase a game-day bag of pretzels.

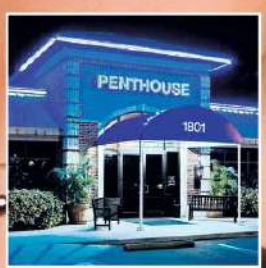
BOCK: If in name only, one of our favorites is Piece Brewery & Pizzeria's hard-core **Fornicator Bock,** but if you can't get to this Chicago brewpub to pound a pint of their draft-only brew, try Norway's caramelly **Aass Bock,** and barbecue a slab of ribs to go with it.

EISBOCK: Powerful "ice bock" is made by freezing the beer before lagering it, then skimming off the ice and concentrating the alcohol in the remaining brew. The cognac-like daddy of eisbock-style beers is the 11 percent alcohol **EKU 28,** which tastes like molasses-dunked apples. **Aventinus Weizen-Eisbock** is unusual, but delicious. The deep-crimson wheat bock smacks of dark fruit and aged rum. They go great with pie.

DOPPLEBOCK: Cola-colored **Ayinger Celebrator** is one gut-filling brew, with a bruiser's body and a creamy head; it tastes like brown sugar on toast. Tröegs Brewery's chewy, spicy **Troegenator** took home the gold in its category at the 2009 Great American Beer Festival. Eat meat with these beers.

The Penthouse Club – where you, your friends and business associates can relax in comfort, talk business and dine in elegance. Enjoy personalized service with a wide selection of champagne and wines, while you are entertained by the world's most beautiful women.

Atlanta
Chicago
Denver
Detroit
Houston
Myrtle Beach
New Orleans
New York
Niagara Falls
Philadelphia
St. Louis
Tampa
Wellford



The PENTHOUSE Club

Where the Magazine Comes to Life!

For more information on our clubs, visit: ***www.PenthouseClubs.com***

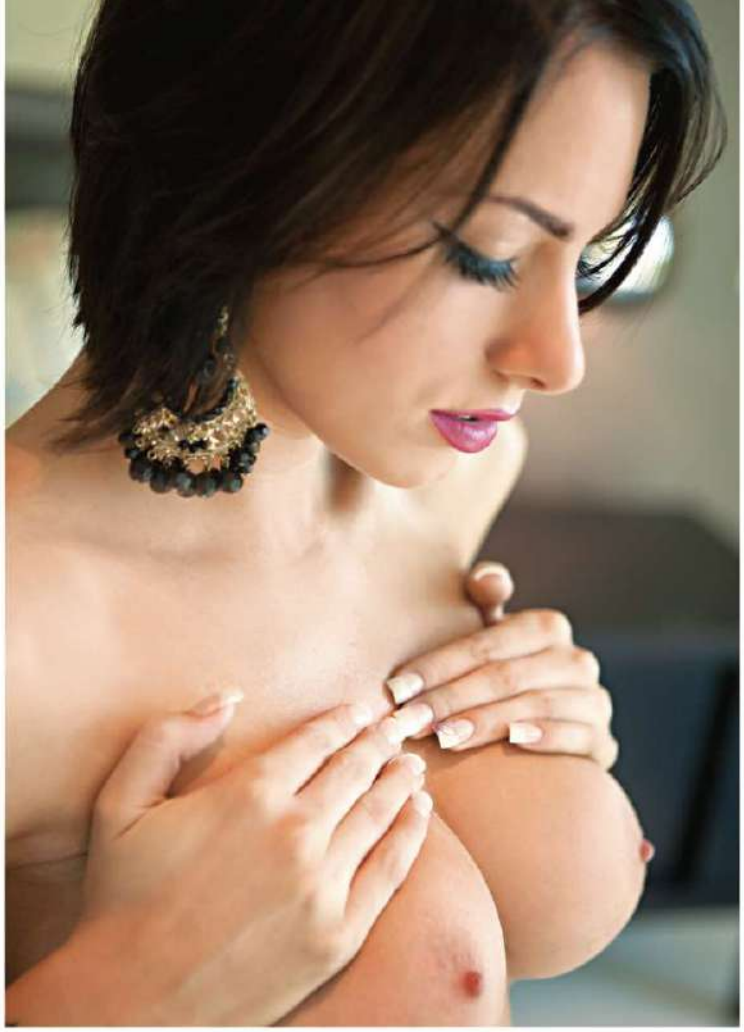
juelz box

Those eyes ... those lips ... that gorgeous body art on those succulent 32D-25-34 curves. Juelz Ventura was rocking our world as soon as we saw her photos, but the 22-year-old is also a pre-med student who's made the dean's list. Good thing, 'cause she could give a man a heart attack.

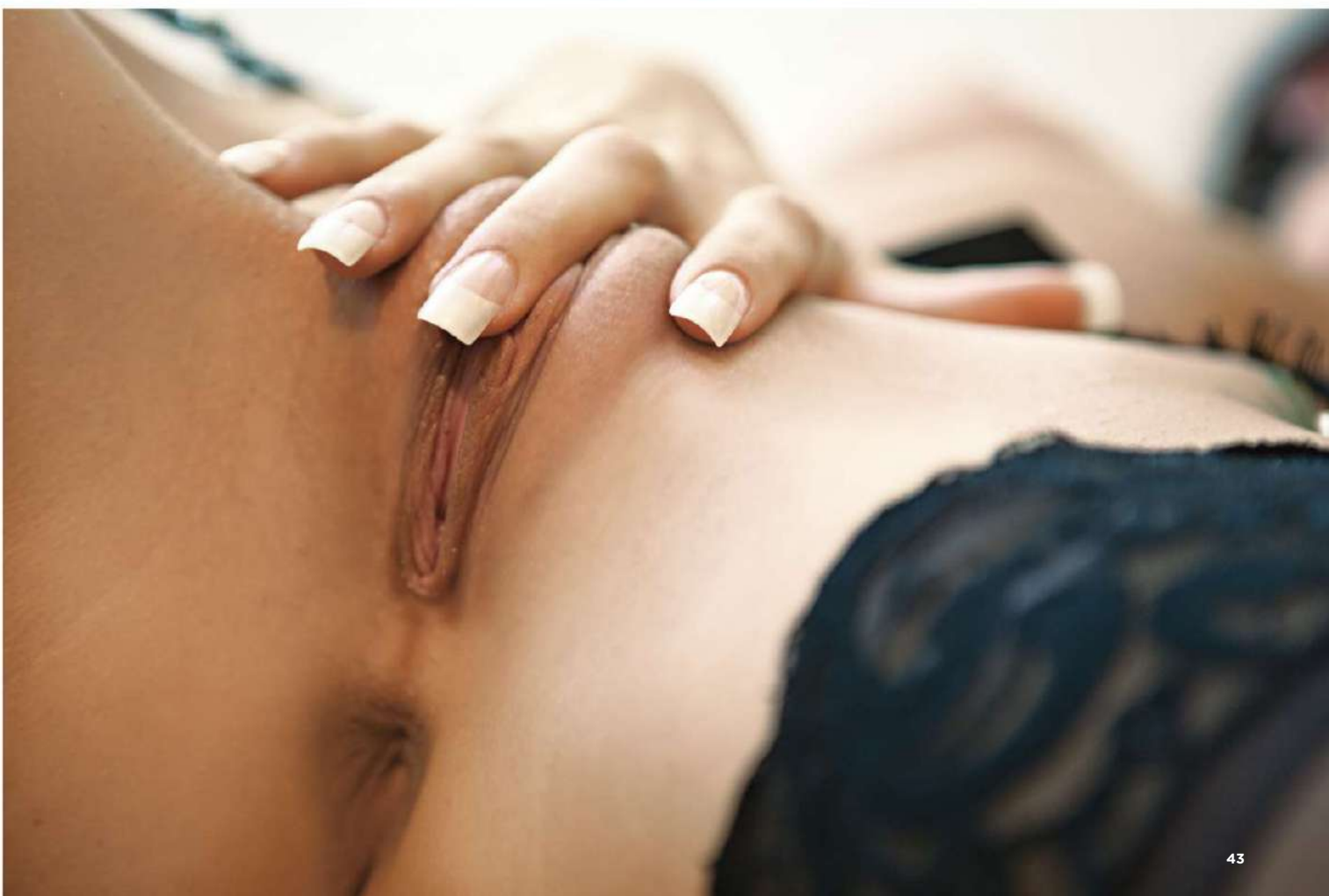
Photographs by Penthouse Studios

"I love being naked, I love being photographed, and I love the classiness behind *Penthouse*. Day to day, class is not the first thing that comes to mind when people think of me, but I can exude it in pictures."

"My favorite fantasy starts in a dirty little dive bar packed with sexy, scruffy men in flannel and cowboy boots. After a few shots and lots of dancing—the kind that gets me all hot and bothered and a little sweaty—one of the guys takes me into the bathroom, bends me over in a stall, and just plows me. Dirty, raunchy fun."



"The most remarkable sex I've had was in the rain in a stupid little blow-up raft on the back lawn at my family's cottage. But the best *place* I ever fooled around was in the back room of a grocery store. We were behind the milk. Ah, high school...."



"I hold out with a new guy until I've decided I can trust him. I fantasize about him until then. The first time with someone is nerve-wracking because I want to make him happy. Then I'll tell him what I want, but I whisper it, just to make it sexy, not demanding."

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA.
GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM.
SEE MORE OF JUELZ AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

an inconvenient FRAUD

Al Gore and his pals in the science establishment want us to totally change our lives because of a theory that might not even be true. Have the sacred cows of global warming been gored beyond repair?

By Gerard Van der Leun • Illustration by Zachary Pullen

It was good to be Al Gore in the last part of the last decade. In the year 2000 he was the world's biggest loser. By 2009 he was one of the world's biggest winners after becoming the master of disaster. Flummoxed by his noninvention of the internet and his nonelection as president of the United States, Gore found a winning hand in predicting the end of the world. In the process, he received an Oscar for his film *An Inconvenient Truth,* the Nobel Peace Prize, and millions of dollars through his interests in companies that dealt in "carbon credits." Gore became more of a "Comeback Kid" than Bill Clinton ever was. For most of 2009, it was still good to be King Al. But late in the year, Al Gore's beloved internet betrayed him.

On November 17, 2009, someone, somewhere, copied some 4,000 emails and documents from a password-protected server at the Climate Research Unit (CRU) in England and put them up on a free and open server in Russia for all the world to read. Whoever made these documents available was an unknown soldier of the truth. Taking the handle of FOIA (Freedom of Information Act), he or she stated, "We feel that climate science is, in the current situation, too important to be kept under wraps. We hereby release a random selection of correspondence, code, and documents. Hopefully it will give some insight into the science and the people behind it. This is a limited time offer, download now."

Whether the "Deep Throat" who leaked the emails was a hacker or a mole within the CRU, he or she had an exquisite sense of timing. The files were made public just before the Copenhagen climate summit. The CRU had been one of the central institutions involved in promulgating the theory of Anthropogenic Global Warming (i.e., the Earth is getting dangerously warmer than ever before in

history and people are the primary force behind this threatening rise). Now it had become instrumental in the theory's unraveling.

Founded in 1972, the CRU is one of the central generators and repositories of data sets used in climate research. These data sets from the CRU were fundamental to the theory of AGW. Over the years, data, scientific "peer-reviewed" papers, popular articles, and the United Nations' reports on global warming were based in large part on material from the CRU. What the November 2009 release of documents demonstrated was that many of the scientists of the CRU and their collaborators around the world had been, in many ways great and small, gaming the system of science to promote their own conclusions.

The story has been dubbed "Climategate" by the media, playing off the Watergate political scandal of the 1970s. But unlike Watergate, this is a story that affects the future of the world. Almost immediately, the documents were copied from the server in Russia and spread far and wide. Within two days, a complete collection was put up at one site as a searchable database. Then the skeptics—the AGW "deniers"—and first-class computer programmers, reporters, bloggers, and the curious really got to work. After years of being stonewalled and denied access to the raw data at the CRU, people could at last take a very close look at nearly ten years' worth of behind-the-scenes doings in climate research. What many discovered "[blew] the lid off the 'science' of manmade global warming," in the words of *Wall Street Journal* columnist Kimberley Strassel. She went on to write that the documents "show a claque of scientists massaging data to make it fit their theories, squelching scientists who disagreed, punishing academic journalists that didn't toe the apocalyptic line, and hiding their work from public view. 'It's no use pretending that this isn't a major blow,' glumly wrote George Monbiot, a U.K. writer who has been among the fiercest warming alarmists. The documents 'could scarcely be more damaging.' "

One email from the director of the CRU spoke of manipulating data and charts to "hide the decline in global temperatures" and using a "nature trick" to statistically taint other research:

***From: Phil Jones* [director of the CRU]**
Subject: Diagram for WMO Statement
Date: Tue, 16 Nov 1999 13:31:15 +0000

Dear Ray, Mike and Malcolm,
Once Tim's got a diagram here we'll send that either later today or first thing tomorrow. I've just completed Mike's Nature trick of adding in the real temps to each series for the last 20 years (ie from 1981 onwards) and from 1961 for Keith's to hide the decline. [Ray is Dr. Raymond Bradley, director of the Climate System Research Center at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst. Mike is Dr. Michael Mann, a meteorologist from Penn State whose "hockey-stick graph" purports to show a shocking unprecedented rise in the Earth's temperature starting around 1900—unprecedented except for the inconvenient truth of a long warming period in the Middle Ages. Malcolm is Dr. Malcolm Hughes from the Cooperative Institute for Research in Environmental Sciences in Colorado. Tim is Dr. Tim Osborn of the CRU. Keith Briffa is Deputy Director of the CRU.]

THE U.N.'S REPORTS ON CLIMATE CHANGE PUT, IN THE END, TRILLIONS INTO PROGRAMS TO HALT A PROCESS THAT MAY NOT EXIST.

When the scandal broke, Jones admitted he had written the email, but insisted that "it has been taken completely out of context." He insisted that his science was accurate and, in his statement, went on to say that "the word 'trick' was used here colloquially as in a clever thing to do. It is ludicrous to suggest that it refers to anything untoward." But even Jones couldn't find a "colloquial" way to explain the rest of his email, so he acknowledged that "the use of the term 'hiding the decline' was in an email written in haste." In other words, the science was totally correct except for the fact that he, this major scientist, was a sloppy email writer.

But there were many, many other documents that, written in haste or not, showed serious doubts about how knowledgeable these high priests of global warming really were. This email, for instance, was more than candid about how much they knew about temperatures more than 100 years ago in the Northern Hemisphere:

***From: Edward Cook* [director, Tree-Ring Laboratory Lamont-Doherty Earth Observatory]**
To: Keith Briffa
Date: Wed, 3 Sep 2003

... we can probably say a fair bit about [less than] 100 year extra-tropical NH temperature variability ... but honestly know fuck-all about what the [more than] 100 year variability was like with any certainty (i.e. we know with certainty that we know fuck-all).

Yet another email spoke of destroying information subject to a formal Freedom of Information request and hiding behind conflicting laws:

From: Phil Jones
To: Michael E. Mann
Subject: Re: For your eyes only
Date: Thu Feb 3 13:11:46 2005

The two MMs [Stephen McIntyre and Ross McKitrick, coauthors of an article critical of the CRU and Mann's work, "Hockey Sticks, Principal

Components, and Spurious Significance"] *have been after the CRU station data for years. If they ever hear there is a Freedom of Information Act now in the UK, I think I'll delete the file rather than send to anyone. Does your similar act in the US force you to respond to enquiries within 20 days? - our [*sic*] does! The UK works on precedents, so the first request will test it. We also have a data protection act, which I will hide behind.*

Still another email enlists many of the CRU-associated scientists in boycotting a scholarly journal that dared to publish an article questioning their beliefs:

From: Michael E. Mann
To: Phil Jones
Date: Tue, 11 Mar 2003 08:14:49 -0500

I think we have to stop considering "Climate Research" as a legitimate peer-reviewed journal. Perhaps we should encourage our colleagues in the climate research community to no longer submit to, or cite papers in, this journal. We would also need to consider what we tell or request of our more reasonable colleagues who currently sit on the editorial board...

One especially damning email asked others to delete emails that might compromise the now-sacred mission of the global-warming alarmists:

From: Phil Jones
To: Michael E. Mann

Mike,
Can you delete any emails you may have had with Keith re AR4? [Climate Change 2007, the Fourth Assessment Report (AR4) of the U.N.'s Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change. Mann says he did not delete this.]

Keith will do likewise. He's not in at the moment - minor family crisis. Can you also email Gene [Dr. Eugene Wahl of the U.S. National Climatic Data Center] *and get him to do the same? I don't have his new email address. We will be getting Caspar* [Ammann, of the U.S. National Center for Atmospheric Research] *to do likewise.*

The following email, from Dr. Mick Kelly of the CRU to Phil Jones, is a perfect example of what Jones probably wishes had been erased:

Date: Sun, 26 Oct 2008 09:02:00 +1300

Yeah, it wasn't so much 1998 and all that that I was concerned about, used to dealing with that, but the possibility that we might be going through a longer - 10 year - period of relatively stable temperatures beyond what you might expect from La Nina etc. Speculation, but if I see this as a possibility then others might also.

Anyway, I'll maybe cut the last few points off the filtered curve before I give the talk again as that's

A coal-fired power station in Lithgow, Australia, releases vapor into the air. The answer of whether or not that vapor is destroying the planet depends on whom you ask.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TIM WIMBORNE/CORBIS

trending down as a result of the end effects and the recent cold-ish years.

And this email, written to Mann by Dr. Kevin Trenberth, head of the Climate Analysis Section at the National Center for Atmospheric Research, reveals the exasperation of a man who sees that the weather is not cooperating with his theories:

Date: Mon, 12 Oct 2009 08:57:37 -0600

Hi all

Well I have my own article on where the heck is global warming? We are asking that here in Boulder where we have broken records the past two days for the coldest days on record. We had 4 inches of snow. The high the last 2 days was below 30F and the normal is 69F, and it smashed the previous records for these days by 10F. The low was about 18F and also a record low, well below the previous record low. This is January weather (see the Rockies baseball playoff game was canceled on saturday and then played last night in below freezing weather)....

The fact is that we can't account for the lack of warming at the moment and it is a travesty that we can't. The CERES data published in the August BAMS 09 supplement on 2008 shows there should be even more warming: but the data are surely wrong. Our observing system is inadequate.

What so many of these documents reveal is the architecture of an alarmist mentality that—contrary to many facts—has been systematically sold to the world as "settled science." What was claimed to be hard science backed by definitive data was instead a kind of pseudo-science in which a hodgepodge of data was cherry-picked, obfuscated, eliminated, or exaggerated not to reveal the truth, but to buttress a preconceived position. In short, the "science" behind our "global warming" wasn't so hot, and neither, it turned out, is our globe.

If the CRU documents were simply the records of a group of eccentric scientists off in their own happy world of research, nothing that came out of them would be worth more than a paragraph or two in the long history of fudging science for higher goals. But the CRU research and data are fundamental to many studies and reports that governmental policy makers use for decision-making.

CRU studies, or studies derived in whole or in part or in reference to the CRU, are also used in the reports of the United Nations' Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change. These reports are central to the planning of governments around the world. They put, in the end, billions of dollars into the science-grant pipeline and trillions into programs to halt a process that may not exist or, if it does exist in some degree, may not be subject to correction by anything humans can do. Interestingly enough, its work on global warming was the reason the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change shared the 2007 Nobel Peace Prize with the man who has done the most to make global warming into the

Many protestors at the U.N. Climate Summit this past December were angered by the slow progress toward a deal. We're more inclined to agree with the sentiment on this woman's sign.

PHOTOGRAPH (LEFT) BY JEFF J MITCHELL/GETTY IMAGES, (RIGHT) AP PHOTO/KIRSTY WIGGLESWORTH

FOIA STATED, "WE FEEL THAT CLIMATE SCIENCE IS, IN THE CURRENT SITUATION, TOO IMPORTANT TO BE KEPT UNDER WRAPS. WE HEREBY RELEASE A RANDOM SELECTION OF CORRESPONDENCE, CODE, AND DOCUMENTS."

most recent environmental cult, Al Gore.

After the damning emails were released, CRU staffers and their supporters went into hyper-spin mode to contain the damage. The CRU's Trevor Davies assured everyone that no records were deleted, altered, or "otherwise dealt with in any fashion with the intent of preventing the disclosure of all, or any part, of the requested information." How he would know was not specified.

Elsewhere, CRU director Phil Jones went into a not-our-data-to-give posture with: "This information is not ours to give ... we hope to gain permission from each of these services to publish their data in the future." And when it came to the squelching of the journal *Climate Research,* the hyper-AGW-activist hockey-stick maker Michael Mann told *The Wall Street Journal,* "We shouldn't be publishing in a journal that's activist." That wasn't the only lesson Mann learned. He warned researchers to be more vigilant at their laptops. "Any scientist now," he said in December 2009, "is going to be far more careful in what they put in personal emails." He went on to denounce the whole scandal as a "false controversy that has been manufactured ... in an effort to cloud the debate and distract the public and policymakers...."

Phil Jones, who has since stepped down (temporarily) from his post as director of the CRU, admitted, "My colleagues and I accept that some of the published emails do not read well." Translation: "Nothing to see here, folks, move along."

Unfortunately for him, however, the British authorities didn't view the affair as simply sloppy email writing. In January 2010, the United Kingdom's Information Commissioner's Office said, according to *The Wall Street Journal,* that the University of East Anglia, where these climate researchers were based, "broke the law by failing to comply with requests for raw data about global warming, but that too much time has elapsed for the institution to be prosecuted."

Other immediately inconvenienced cheerleaders for global warming as "settled science" were mainstream media outlets who attempted to downplay, or simply ignore, the CRU documents for the first few weeks while they were the biggest story in years on the internet. Foremost among these forces was *The New York Times,* which almost always referred to the Climategate emails as "stolen," "purloined," or "hacked," as if that diminished their credibility. Apparently the *Times* editors forget what many of them used to consider to be the newspaper's proudest moment—the publishing of the stolen Pentagon Papers in the 1970s, which showed how mendacious politicians led the U.S. into the Vietnam War. Although the Climategate emails expose a scandal potentially more significant than lying about Vietnam, almost all American media—with the notable exception of the *Wall Street Journal* editorial page—has marched in lockstep behind *The Times* in dismissing the story.

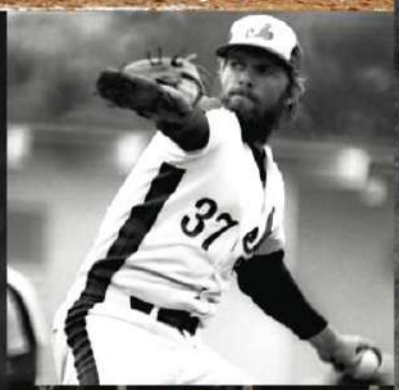
The Climate Research Unit's findings are the basis upon which the United States and many other nations are proposing to turn their economies upside down.

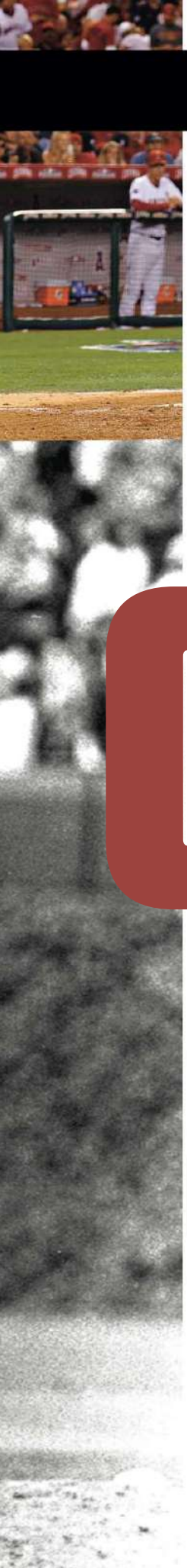
When criticized roundly by readers and skeptics alike for its handling of the story, a responsible editor at the "paper of record" took refuge in stating, "We here at *The Times* are not scientists. We don't collect the data or analyze it, and so the best we can do is to give our readers a sense of what the prevailing scientific view is, based on interviews with scientists." And in an editorial, *The Times* basically told people not to believe their eyes: "No one should be misled by all the noise. The email messages represent years' worth of exchanges among prominent American and British climatologists. Some are mean-spirited, others intemperate. But they don't change the underlying scientific facts.... Despite what the skeptics say, they demonstrate just how rigorously scientists have worked to figure out whether global warming is real and the true role that human activities play."

But despite their supporters' desperate attempts to explain away these inconvenient emails, the sacred cows of global warming continued to be gored. During the Copenhagen climate summit, the CRU documents were the elephant in many rooms that led this much-touted meeting of the best and the brightest to a very inconclusive conclusion. In mid-January, the UN's IPCC 2007 Report was revealed to have inserted very unscientific and possibly untrue information about the rate at which alpine glaciers were melting in the Himalayas. In late January, the same report was discovered to have used a World Wildlife Federation article about logging reducing Amazon rain forests to support the IPCC's contention that global warming was killing off the rain forests.

Meanwhile, the chain of events that began with the release of the CRU documents to the world at large is continuing to shake the once-settled world of the global-warming alarmists. And while the evidence they tout has been shown to be less than scientific, it is still the basis upon which the United States and many other nations are proposing to turn their economies upside down—in the face of a worldwide financial crisis.

Although the person responsible for exposing these emails is still unknown, the advice of Deep Throat in the film *All the President's Men* is as valid for Climategate as it was for Watergate: "Follow the money."





GLORY DAYS?

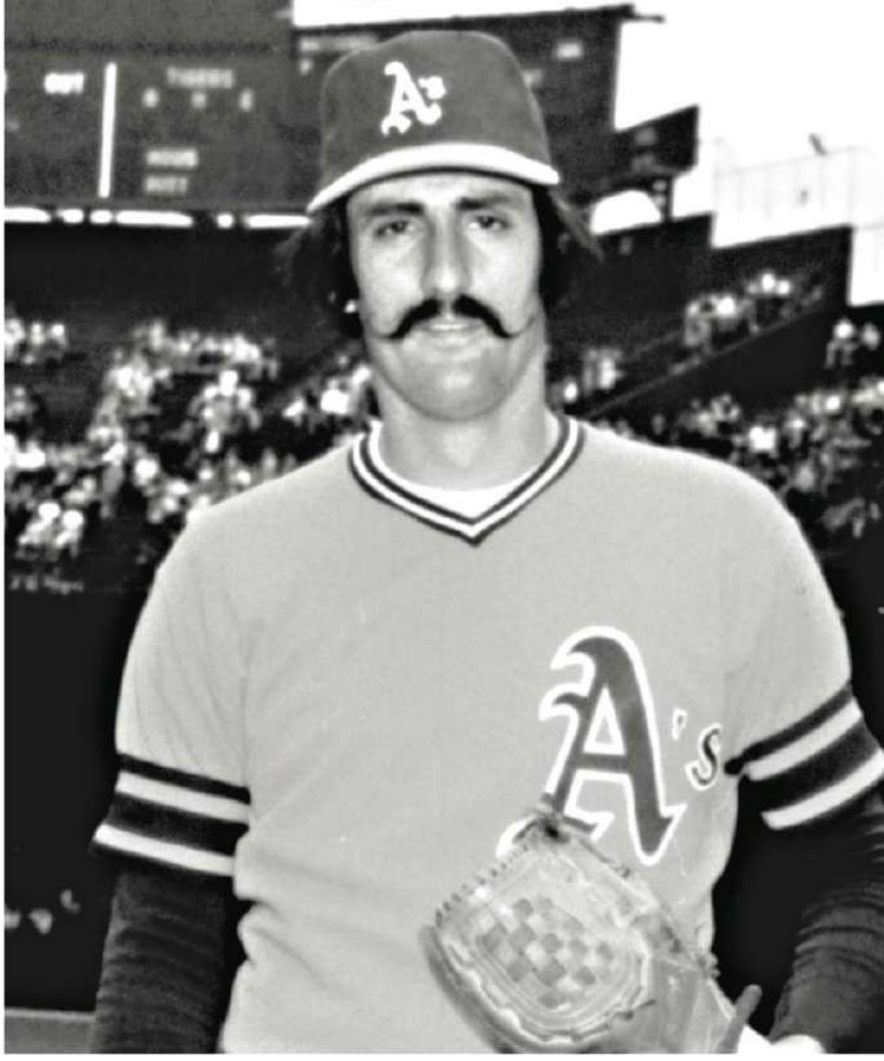
There is perhaps no sport more nostalgic than baseball. But was the game really better back in the day? Let's take a look.

By Ed Condran

The game of baseball—what takes place on the diamond—hasn't changed all that much since the end of the dead-ball era in 1919 (when Babe Ruth exploded for a then-spectacular 29 homers). The rules and the dimensions between the base paths are mostly the same. But the players and the atmosphere and the *culture* of the game have been radically transformed—especially during the past few generations of MLB'ers.

Changes in training methods (both legal and otherwise), specialization, skyrocketing salaries, and oversaturated media coverage are just some of the transformations in the game during the past few decades. Have they improved baseball, or made it worse? We break it down, looking at four significant categories.

Clockwise from lower left: Mark Fidrych, Jimmy Rolllins, Mark Teixeira, Al Hrabosky, Alex Rodriguez, Bill Lee.



NICKNAMES

Yesteryear: In the seventies and eighties, pitchers such as Al "the Mad Hungarian" Hrabosky (not of Hungarian descent, by the way), Mark "the Bird" Fidrych, and Bill "Spaceman" Lee used to stalk, flit, or float around MLB pitching mounds. Hrabosky would stomp his feet and pound his mitt before staring down a batter. Fidrych talked to the baseball, "groomed" the mound with his hand, and routinely tossed back balls that "had hits in them," insisting they be removed from the game. No, really. And Lee once copped to smoking weed. Other sample nicknames from the disco era include Ron "the Penguin" Cey, Dave "the Cobra" Parker, and Dick "Dirt" Tidrow.

Today: The Philadelphia Phillies' All-Star second baseman Jimmy Rollins is also known as—wait, this is great—J-Roll. Yankees first baseman Mark Teixeira occasionally answers to Tex. Seattle's Eric Byrnes is Byrnsie, and ... *zzz*. Sorry, what were we talking about? So sleepy. Oh ... right, modern "nicknames." Yankees third baseman Alex Rodriguez, you may have heard, is commonly called A-Rod. Forgive our sarcasm, but, seriously, this is a weak-ass collection of handles.

Advantage: Yesteryear, in a rout.

MONEY

Yesteryear: During his MVP season of 1957, Hank Aaron—that's Hammerin' Hank, one of the best players ever to set foot on a diamond, the all-time home-run king until Barry Steroid came along—made $22,500. Need we say more? Back in the day, the owners pocketed more than their fair share, and players were not much more than chattel. Free agency did not arrive until the mid-seventies (legends like Ted Williams, Mickey Mantle, and Stan Musial spent their entire careers with one team), and big money did not begin to flow until the 1980s.

Today: Nothing has changed more in the game of baseball than the role of the filthy lucre—how it's spent, earned, and distributed. The average annual salary for ballplayers topped $3 million in 2008. That's the *average.* The Yankees spent $423.5 million—more than the gross domestic product of most nations—to acquire just three players before the 2009 season. Alex Rodriguez makes $27.5 million a year. Small-market teams can't afford superstars once they're on the cusp of free agency. Teams build stadiums at taxpayer expense; ticket prices rise annually regardless of on-field performance. Okay, okay, we'll stop—but really, the MLB logo should include a dollar sign somewhere.

Advantage: Today, just barely. Pick your poison: Do you want your players exploited or perversely spoiled? It's a tough call. (And of course the owners have always been obscenely fat cats, so it's a wash in that department between the two eras.)

STYLE

Yesteryear: Oakland A's closer Rollie Fingers was inducted into the Hall of Fame as one of the greatest relievers of all time, but his waxed handlebar mustache should be enshrined separately. Ditto for New York Yankee Oscar Gamble's enormous Afro, which poofed out both sides of his cap, Krusty the Clown–style. Boston pitcher Luis Tiant's one-of-a-kind, fluttering setup to his delivery was imitated by schoolkids nationwide. Dock Ellis was a freewheeling dude who once pitched a no-hitter for the Pittsburgh Pirates while on LSD. True story. And here's another one: In 1974, angry that his teammates appeared intimidated by their NL rivals the Cincinnati Reds, Ellis told his fellow Pirates, "We

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (PREVIOUS SPREAD, CLOCKWISE FROM LOWER LEFT) FOCUS ON SPORT/GETTY IMAGES, NICK LAHAM/GETTY IMAGES, KEVORK DJANSEZIAN/GETTY IMAGES, ROGERS PHOTO ARCHIVE/GETTY IMAGES, JOHN CORDES/ICON SMI, ROGERS PHOTO ARCHIVE/GETTY IMAGES

Penthouse Picks

We asked two noneditorial *Penthouse* staffers to make predictions for the 2010 MLB season, and then stacked them up against those of a baseball expert, former Philadelphia Phillies beat writer Ed Condran.

AL EAST
The Shipping Manager: Boston
The Accountant: N.Y. Yankees
The Expert: N.Y. Yankees

AL CENTRAL
The Shipping Manager: Detroit
The Accountant: Minnesota
The Expert: Minnesota

AL WEST
The Shipping Manager: Seattle
The Accountant: Seattle
The Expert: Seattle

AL WILD CARD
The Shipping Manager: N.Y. Yankees
The Accountant: Boston
The Expert: Boston

NL EAST
The Shipping Manager: Philadelphia
The Accountant: Philadelphia
The Expert: Philadelphia

NL CENTRAL
The Shipping Manager: St. Louis

FINGERS'S MUSTACHE DESERVES ITS OWN HALL OF FAME PLAQUE.

gonna get *down*. We gonna *do* the *do*. I'm going to *hit* these motherfuckers." Then he beaned three out of the first four batters he faced, and threw unsuccessfully at Johnny Bench's head before manager Danny Murtaugh pulled him from the game. Even peripheral figures, like fiery Baltimore Orioles manager Earl Weaver and oddball umpire Ron Luciano, had style to burn back in the day.
Today: Johnny Damon sported a Nazarene beard and Samsonesque locks in Boston, but then he joined the Yankees and had to lose both, per team policy. The Los Angeles Dodgers' Manny Ramirez is identifiable from the stands by his shoulder-length dreadlocks. Jason Giambi used to have a tatted-up, longhair biker look when he played for the A's, but, like Damon, had to clean it up when he shifted to the Yanks—though he did sport a fine mustache briefly while in the Bronx. Tim Lincecum of the San Francisco Giants wears his hair (and looks exactly) like the 12-year-old lead in *Dazed and Confused*. But these are the exceptions: Most modern ballplayers are as buttoned-up in appearance as they are in front of a microphone, where they rarely have an unauthorized thought.
Advantage: Yesteryear.

DRUGS

Yesteryear: Amphetamines and cocaine were the drugs of choice in dugouts during the seventies and eighties. The Pittsburgh Drug Trials of 1985 shocked baseball fans and brought such players as John Milner, Keith Hernandez, Dave Parker, and Tim Raines before a grand jury. Milner claimed that Pirate Hall of Famer Willie Stargell gave him greenies. Milner also confessed that he scored two grams of cocaine in a stadium bathroom stall during a game against the Houston Astros in 1980. Even the Pirate Parrot mascot, for crying out loud, was implicated for buying cocaine and introducing the players to a drug dealer. Who says mascots are no fun?
Today: It's well-documented that 'roids were the rage during the nineties and early aughts. Some pundits laughed at Jose Canseco's tell-all book, *Juiced,* when it hit shelves in 2005. But the self-described "Godfather of Steroids" had the last laugh when the Mitchell Report came out in December 2007. A number of the game's best players, including Alex Rodriguez, Andy Pettitte, and Mark McGwire, have since admitted to using performance-enhancing drugs. That explains the decade's power explosion. Such greats as Barry Bonds and Roger Clemens are suspected users, although both have denied it. The upshot is that an entire era's statistics and Hall of Fame credentials have been thrown into doubt.
Advantage: Yesteryear. Not to promote or glamorize amphetamines or cocaine, but, hey, steroids diminish ability in the bedroom. *Penthouse* could never be onboard with something like that.

So there you have it. Baseball back-in-the-day takes the four-game set, three games to one. We don't mean to be grumpy old men about it, but more things about the game really were better back then. How can the game reclaim its former glories? We don't have a complete plan, but replacing commissioner and former owner Bud Selig would be a start.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (FROM LEFT) MLB PHOTOS VIA GETTY IMAGES; DOUG PENSINGER/GETTY IMAGES; PETER NEWCOMB/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

The Accountant: St. Louis
The Expert: St. Louis

NL WEST
The Shipping Manager: Los Angeles
The Accountant: San Francisco
The Expert: Colorado

NL WILD CARD
The Shipping Manager: Chicago Cubs
The Accountant: Florida
The Expert: San Francisco

AL PENNANT
The Shipping Manager: Boston
The Accountant: Boston
The Expert: N.Y. Yankees

NL PENNANT
The Shipping Manager: Philadelphia
The Accountant: St. Louis
The Expert: Philadelphia

AL MVP
The Shipping Manager: Kevin Youkilis, Boston
The Accountant: Alex Rodriguez, N.Y. Yankees
The Expert: Mark Teixeira, N.Y. Yankees

NL MVP:
The Shipping Manager: Roy Halladay, Philadelphia
The Accountant: Albert Pujols, St. Louis
The Expert: Albert Pujols, St. Louis

WORLD SERIES CHAMP
The Shipping Manager: Boston
The Accountant: Boston
The Expert: Philadelphia

Inductive Reasoning

What really determines who gets admitted to the Baseball Hall of Fame and who doesn't?

By Jonah Keri

It's such a perfect idea," said Bill James, the godfather of modern statistical analysis in baseball, who's now an executive with the Boston Red Sox. He was talking about the Baseball Hall of Fame. "You read game accounts from 1915 to 1920, and it was not uncommon to see someone described as a Hall of Fame player, even before the Hall of Fame existed. It's a shrine to greatness."

It's meant to be, anyway. But given the incredibly dubious, occasionally shady inductions and a bunch more egregious exclusions in its history, this delightful museum in the tiny burg of Cooperstown, New York, has become an institution that causes baseball fans to completely lose their minds every January.

James's book *Whatever Happened to the Hall of Fame?* examines the cronyism that led to some of the Hall's most eyebrow-raising picks. When former New York Giants and St. Louis Cardinals star Frankie Frisch became chairman of the Hall's Veterans Committee in the early 1970s, for example, he seized the opportunity to swing the Hall door wide open for his old chums.

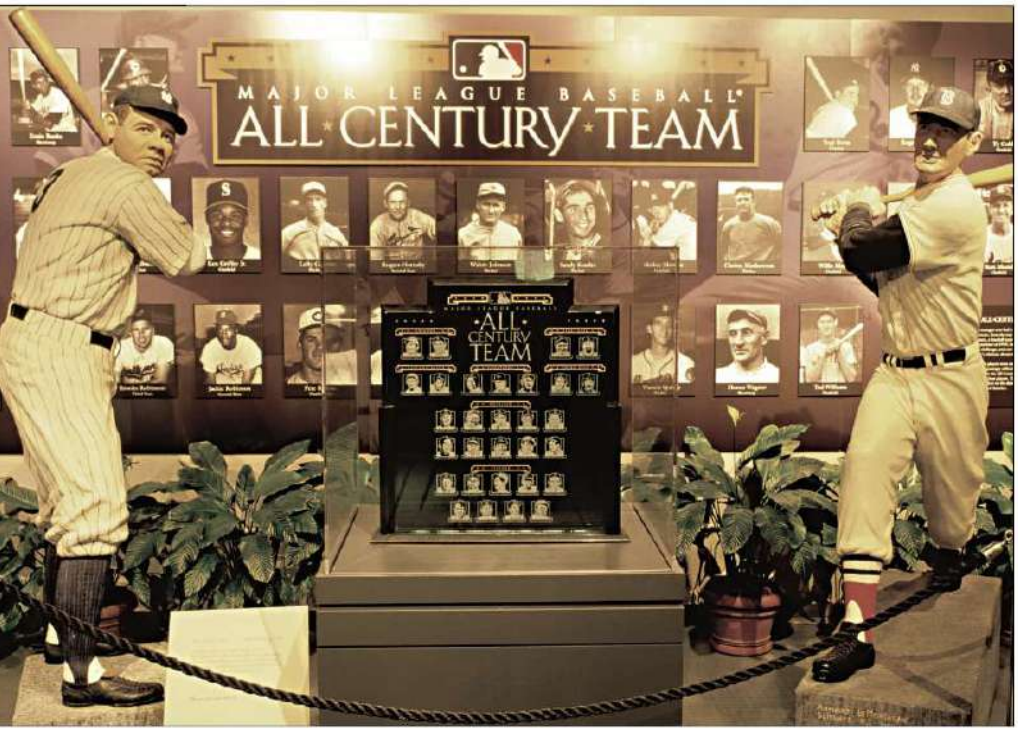
Frisch tapped at least a half-dozen undeserving buddies—the most egregious choice being middling pitcher Rube Marquard—to join the likes of Ruth, Williams, and Musial in the Hall.

That kind of blatant favoritism has mostly vanished from the process. But what remains is an induction system still rife with intractable biases, petty grudges, and shoddy methodology. The result: Too many merely good players get in, and too many great players get left out.

The biggest point of contention among Hall voters these days is what to do with players who used—or were suspected of using—performance-enhancing drugs (PEDs). A decade ago, Mark McGwire was the biggest name in baseball, breaking the single-season home-run record and, along with fellow slugger Sammy Sosa, energizing the game with a barrage of bombs. McGwire's career stats, topped by 583 home runs, would make him a shoo-in during any other era. But thanks to the tinge of PEDs, Big Mac's been merely an afterthought in Hall voting. He got 23.7 percent of the vote this year (you need 75 percent to get in, and there were 539 ballots cast in 2010), and that was *before* he publicly admitted to using PEDs during his playing days.

While players like McGwire and fellow 500-homer man Rafael Palmeiro have been snubbed, the acid test for voters' PED tolerance will come in a few years, when all-time home-run king Barry Bonds and all-time great pitcher Roger Clemens—both of whom are widely suspected of having used PEDs—become eligible for Cooperstown.

Barring suspected PED users from the Hall at least carries some semitangible logic. That's not the case with other forms of justification for who gets in and who doesn't. Last winter, former Boston Red Sox outfielder Jim Rice got his ticket punched on his 15th and final year of eligibility on the writers' ballot. Rice's iffy defense, his Fenway Park–inflated offense, his uncanny ability to hit into double plays, and his inferior performance compared to other pending candidates weren't heavily



considered. Instead, the party line among voters was that Rice was the *most feared* player of the late seventies. That description became so widely parroted, you half expected to see Rice take the podium at his induction ceremony in a black cape, his fangs dripping with blood.

There are many other puzzling choices too, besides Frisch's cronies and Rice. You could argue against Bill Mazeroski, the Pittsburgh Pirates' slick-fielding, light-hitting shortstop from the late fifties to early seventies. He's a career .260 hitter and falls into the category of "very good but not great."

But let's not be too curmudgeonly and begrudge a man an honor. Instead, let's support those deserving of their own berth in immortality. That's just what Montreal Expos fan and baseball analyst Tom Tango did when he set up a Tim Raines Hall of Fame advocacy site, Raines30.com. The site, which includes contributions from four other Expos fans (this writer included), aims to promote awareness of Raines's accomplishments on the field and push for his (deserving) spot in the Hall.

It became necessary because voters seemed completely befuddled by the simplest player evaluations. For instance, how many Hall of Fame voters know that Raines reached base more times in his career than automatic first-ballot Hall of Famer Tony Gwynn? Or that Raines stole 808 bases at a near 85 percent success rate—an unmatched mark for anyone with that many steals? Not many. Certainly fewer than the 75 percent margin needed for induction. Because if voters knew—say, if they took five minutes to Google "Tim Raines"—how could they possibly not elect him? And yet he received only 30.4 percent of the vote in this past January's Hall of Fame election results.

Unfortunately for Raines—and other worthy candidates, including former standout pitcher Bert Blyleven—many voters appear capable of understanding only round numbers, and a select few round numbers at that. Three thousand hits? You're in. Three hundred wins? Ditto. Five hundred homers? Well, you're probably in ... unless you did steroids, were accused of doing steroids, or played in an era when it's believed many players did steroids.

But how about topping 3,700 strikeouts, as Blyleven did, which places him fifth on the all-time list behind legends Nolan Ryan, Randy Johnson, Roger Clemens, and Steve Carlton? How about Blyleven's 60 career shutouts, the ninth-highest total in big-league history? How about Blyleven's 287 wins, a total he racked up while playing for abysmal teams that provided awful run support—such poor run support that adjusting the contributions of Blyleven's teammates to merely average levels is estimated to yield more than 340 wins for him?

Irked by Blyleven's repeated snubs, baseball writer Richard Lederer began writing a series of pro-Blyleven posts in 2003 for BaseballAnalysts.com, in an effort to sway voters. Blyleven's percentage of the vote has jumped to 74.2 percent from 26 percent since Lederer's crusade began—he missed gaining entry by just five votes this past January. Blyleven has two more years on the ballot, so it seems the error of his omission is sure to be corrected: No player has ever earned 60 percent of the vote in a given year and not eventually made it into the Hall of Fame. But still, there's no way Blyleven should have had to wait 14 or 15 years.

"Too many voters base their decisions on gut feelings or antiquated stats that don't necessarily reflect a player's value," Lederer said.

Perhaps more maddening is the circular logic and craven ass-covering that goes into Hall selections. One of the reasons former Detroit Tigers shortstop Alan Trammell hasn't drawn much Hall of Fame consideration is because he never won the MVP award. In fact, Trammell deserved to win one, in 1987. But the MVP voters picked less-deserving candidate George Bell instead. Those are the same voters who today use his lack of MVP trophies as a strike against him, rather than admitting they messed up the first time. Electing deserving players would also require voters not to overinflate their sense of self-importance. No player—not Willie Mays, not Hank Aaron, not Babe freaking Ruth—has ever been unanimously inducted. (It's true: In 1936, 11 voters out of 226 chose not to cast their ballots for the Bambino. Go figure.) Many other obviously deserving players have to wait years, sometimes a decade or more, before voters grudgingly let them in. It's possible that Raines and likely that Blyleven will get in some day, but only after they've been forced to sit, stew, and sweat it out.

"It's just this long waiting game," Blyleven said.

But if he did get in, would the excitement of joining the likes of Ruth in the Hall trump his frustration with an institution whose members sometimes seem to be chosen arbitrarily?

"Yes, definitely. It would be awesome. It would be like, *Finally, thank you!*"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (FROM TOP LEFT) DIAMOND IMAGES/GETTY IMAGES, VESPASIAN/ALAMY, ANDRE JENNY/ALAMY

Top 10 Tax Havens

You there, in the top hat and tails: Looking for some place to lay your millions till this whole "economic crisis" blows over? Read on.

By Brian O'Connor
Illustration by Joe Bluhm

This country is imploding, and not because of the mounting job losses and mortgage foreclosures, or ex-bankers pole-dancing to put food on the table, or Latvian-owned brothels refusing to accept credit cards. No, I'm talking about something far more dangerous: the rush among the world's "elite" governments to wage war on simple wealthy folk to recover taxes on income believed to be hiding in offshore shelters.

There are many reasons why this is wrongheaded, foremost of which is a disgraceful lack of respect for the autonomy of the world's more diminutive nations. Hey, if a small country wants to set a zero-tax policy, as opposed to the 35 percent tax rate in the States, I will defend their sovereign right to do so with—well, maybe not *my* life, but certainly the lives of several thousand of my working-class countrymen.

Herewith, then, is a list of the safest offshore sites for your spare millions.

no. 1

CAYMAN ISLANDS

A mere 15-minute suborbital rocket flight from Florida, these three little islands south of Cuba attract one big-swinging industry: hedge funds. Start up an exempted corporation here and there's no tax on income, profits, capital, wealth, capital gains, property, sales, estate, or inheritance—I'd go on, but the excitement of an equity spike makes me squirt.

The capital, and the financial and business center, George Town, is home to more registered businesses than people, a fact that prompted Barack Obama in a 2008 campaign stump speech to attack the Ugland House, a five-story office building that, according to Mr. Big Government, houses 12,000 corporations. "That's either the biggest building or the biggest tax scam on record," he said. "And I think we know which one it is."

I felt like I'd been gut-punched by Karl Marx (easily the least funny of the brothers), so I checked Obama's "information." Sure enough, he was wrong: It's not 12,000 corporations that are registered at Ugland House, but 18,857. Let's stick with the facts, Mr. President.

no. 2

LIECHTENSTEIN

In a picturesque mountain valley between Switzerland and Austria sits the world's oldest tax haven, a tiny pimple of land no bigger than the dog run behind my second home, a microstate called Liechtenstein. How thrilled am I about its extremely strict bank-secrecy laws? When visiting, I send my underlings out to give every one of its 135,000 citizens a high five (in German, of course—*hoch fünf*!).

But even better, I love Liechtenstein for its famed "rent-a-state" program: For as many as 1,200 people, at between $320 and $530 a day per person, you can rent the entire country, granting you access to its restaurants, hotels, castles, and clothing-optional ski slopes—there's simply no better way to demonstrate wealth than to slalom downhill with three poles exposed. A few years ago, my hedge-fund partner, Morty, rented Liechtenstein for his son Benjamin's bar mitzvah; I'll be doing the same soon for my son, Grant—and we're not even Jewish.

no. 3

SWITZERLAND

Not even the frigid Alpine altitudes will freeze your assets here. The Swiss have long provided a refuge for us financially persecuted types; their fabled tax loopholes are why they control 40 percent of the world's private wealth, and also why I named my firstborn Heidi, even though my firstborn is a boy. There are more banks in this offshore Shangri-la than anywhere else in the world: big banks, private banks, savings banks, Ernie Banks, mortgage banks, and commercial banks. This allows me to diversify investments while protecting myself from creditors, the ravenous IRS, my wife, *and* my girlfriend.

There's been quite a scare lately about the Swiss bank UBS surrendering the identities of its American customers, but as long as you avoid a Swiss bank that has employees in the United States, you're safe from attack. For the record, whereas most countries will merely fire a bank employee who leaks information, the Swiss will throw him in jail. There, conditions are so punctual and precise—and crushingly dull—that he will be yodeling a confession in no time, out of sheer boredom.

Gibraltar is famous for its Barbary apes and capitalist-friendly tax policy.

[shelters in a storm]

no. 4

PANAMA

If Switzerland wore a thong, it would look a lot like Panama, which has nearly identically impenetrable bank-secrecy laws. This is important because checks written from a foreign account allow you to enjoy "float time," usually three weeks between the writing of a check and its arrival at the bank for clearing. During that period, you continue to earn interest on the money in your account—a time I refer to as "Pan-a-Mania."

Panama is home to plenty of freedom-loving Americans who relish the absence of a personal-income tax on money they earn offshore. You can also drink the water, and the American-style AC/DC electrical system allows me to use my paper shredder with impunity.

But while it's easy to avoid taxes there, it's more difficult to avoid mosquitoes. They swarm like malarial Democrat pests chasing me into my stretch Hummer. If you must walk outside, I suggest hiring local children to shoo them away by fanning you vigorously with W-9 tax forms.

no. 5

GIBRALTAR

Gibraltar, aka "the Rock," is a monkey-infested 1,400-foot limestone protuberance rising from a bay on the southern tip of Spain. It was designed as a monolithic tribute to Prudential. And rightly so, for upon the Rock's solid foundation I incorporated an Internet gaming company, Jonesing4Poker.com, which capitalizes on the fact that Brits don't pay taxes on winnings from gaming companies based in Gibraltar (see also: PartyGaming.com, Ladbrokes.com, and 888.com). Even more impressive than the low tax rates are the hundreds of free-ranging Barbary apes that roam the city. (Technically, they're macaques—a kind of monkey—and the only nonhuman primates living in Europe, unless you count Silvio Berlusconi.) One was wily enough to steal my copy of Sean Hannity's *Let Freedom Ring* on a recent visit, and then return it—highlighted.

no. 6

COOK ISLANDS

Whoever said "No man is an island" never set up a shell corporation in the South Pacific. The 15 stunningly green volcanic Cook Islands, located near New Zealand and Tahiti, embody lagoon capitalism at its best, particularly in the capital of Rarotonga. There you'll find full-service, oh-so-lightly regulated English-speaking banks and plenty of Internet access. Combined with the fact that it's only three hours behind California time, this Polynesian outpost is the perfect place to swing on a hammock with a rum drink in hand (ask for "the Reagan"), press play on the iPod, and fill your brain with the sounds of Buffett—not Jimmy, Warren.

> If a country wants to set a zero-tax policy, as opposed to our 35 percent, I defend their sovereign right to do so.

nos. 7 & 8

ST. KITTS AND NEVIS

Is this one country or two? I'm not even sure! But I do know that in the 1980s, St. Kitts and Nevis transformed from a sugar colony whose economy was frequently ravaged by hurricanes into a rock-solid tax haven. This would have prompted a vigorous "thumbs up" from Nevis's favorite son, the first U.S. Secretary of the Treasury, Alexander Hamilton. This tiny east Caribbean nation grants full citizenship if you buy property worth more than $350,000, allowing you tax-free foreign income, capital gains, gifts, wealth, and inheritance. I bought a house in the capital of Basseterre, sight unseen, that included a family of six, an inground pool—and stunning views of Oprah Winfrey.

no. 9

BELIZE

For me, this former British colony—with its unrivaled scuba diving, dense rain forests (home to the rare scarlet macaw, whose throaty mating call sounds like *"div-div-dividend!"*), and ancient Mayan ruins—represents a great investment opportunity. The country's QRP, the Qualified Retired Persons program, has attractive benefits for those who wish to spend their golden years in Belize. I'll be settling my parents there—in a four-star, full-service hotel; we're suing for the legal rights to build it inside a centuries-old Mayan temple. It'll be called the Cashmore, and my father's income from working there as a bellboy, and my mother's as a chambermaid, will be transferred into a Belizean trust, where it will gain interest virtually tax-free.

no. 10

NEVADA

I wish my accountant, Vern, had advised me about the tax havens here in the States before I renounced my citizenship and started taking daily estrogen shots to grow breasts to alter my identity. But it's true: Nevada's official website promotes its "limited reporting and disclosure requirements" and ultraconvenient one-hour incorporation services. It's like getting married, except Elvis won't be presiding and nobody takes half your stuff when you cancel the contract. A "don't ask, don't tell" policy (the state doesn't ask for the names of your company's shareholders, and it won't normally tell the feds) has attracted more than 400,000 registered corporations—that's a company for one person at every blackjack table in the city. And for foreigners, Nevada is a great place to stash cash, since it does not tax the interest income they earn.

If you don't believe me, ask any foreigner, such as Belize's newest citizens—my parents.

The Most Extensive Online Porn Collection

Get over **4000 movies, 2000 scenes, 7000 porn stars** and **10 new movies** a day all from your computer for just **$9.95** a month.

Get your free preview!

HotBox.com

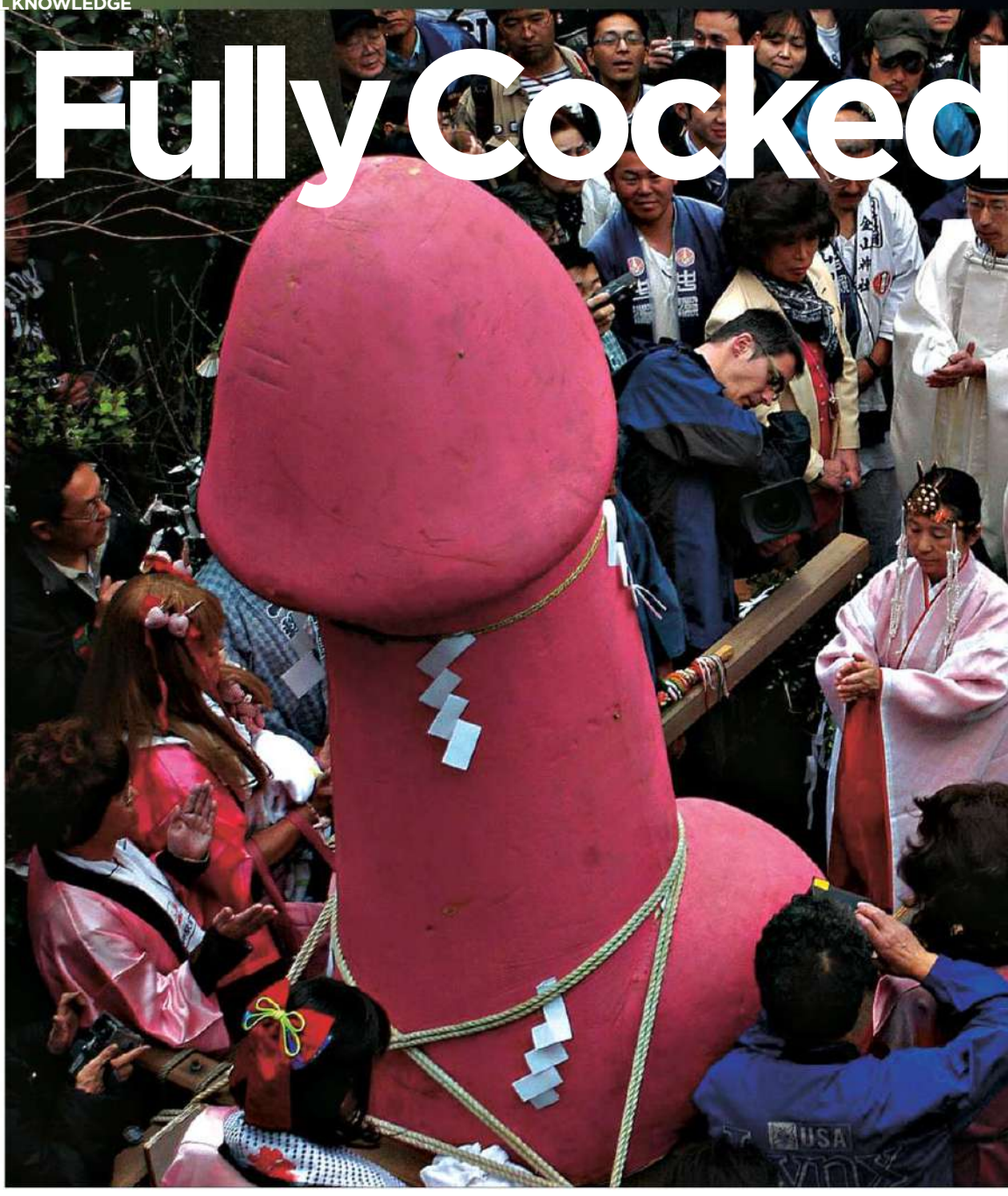
STATUS UPDATE: AFTERGLOW

The internet has changed how we brag about our sex lives. According to a survey by consumer-electronics aggregator Retrevo, "36 percent of people under the age of 35 often use Facebook or Twitter after sex." There's even a Facebook group called "I Just Had Great Sex What About You," as well as the simpler "I just had SEX." Men are twice as likely to boast online of their sexual prowess post-sex, and iPhone users are three times more likely to do so than BlackBerry-ers. Jack Stratton, who tweets as @writingdirty, has posted, "Unfinished morning sex. Damn you alarm clock. Warm skin under the blankets. Slipping hands under soft sleep clothes. Sigh." and "Sex sore and damn tired."

Even some of our Pets get in on the fun: March 2008 Pet of the Month Bree Olson (@BreeOlson) tweets about "loads of come" and how many guys she's fucked. Prinzzess (@ThePrinzzess) tweets about her sex life and her sex scenes, as do many other *Penthouse* models, including Stormy Daniels (@StormyDaniels), Jayden Cole (@Jayden_Cole), and Kagney Linn Karter (@Kagneytweets).

Perhaps this occurs because some of us (okay, me) keep our smartphones next to the bed, within handy postcoital reach. It's easy to update almost everyone you know, and the fact that you did the nasty is probably more interesting than your breakfast burrito.—*Rachel Kramer Bussel*

Fully Cocked



Kanamara Matsuri is an annual Shinto festival held in Kawasaki, Japan, on the first Sunday in April. The name technically means Festival of the Steel Phallus, but it's more commonly known as the Penis Festival or Penis Day. I know what you're thinking. *Isn't every day penis day? I mean ... dude.*

But in Japan, one day is even more penisy than the rest. The festival can be traced back to the 1600s, to a legend about a demon with sharp teeth who took up residence inside a young girl's vagina. (Can you blame him?) Unfortunately, this *vagina dentata* castrated men who attempted to enter the tunnel of love, until a blacksmith created a phallus made of iron to foil the demon's bite. That's where the party gets its name, but the festival is also associated with prostitutes praying at the cock shrines for protection against syphilis, and young married couples praying for a strong union and fertility. Today, the festival also raises money to fund research on HIV and AIDS.

Like a lot of Japanese pop culture, it can seem bizarre to outsiders. There is a big parade with three giant penis shrines—a hot-pink one, a steel one, and a wooden one—toted through the streets with drumming, chanting, and dancing. (The pink one is carried by transvestites.) Venders sell penis-shaped lollipops, ceramic dongs, vegetables

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (FAR LEFT) PBSTOCK/ALAMY; (ABOVE) ANDY RAIN/EPA/CORBIS

carved into erotic shapes, and sculptures and trinkets representing copulating couples.

Tourists and locals alike pose for photos with giant penises or lick their lips while eating snacks fashioned after the holy member. And while something like this wouldn't fly in the States, and it certainly wouldn't be for children, Japanese families bring the kids, who also partake of the naughty candy and pose for photos riding giant rods. Buddhism and Shinto are more accepting of sex than many belief systems, and a day out with the fam celebrating the joy and wonder of the supercock is no big deal. We here in the *Penthouse* office have a similarly mature and accepting attitude. Here, every day is Vagina Day!—*Christine Colby*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (FULLY COCKED, TOP AND BOTTOM) KIYOSHI OTA/GETTY IMAGES, (MIDDLE) REUTERS/ISSEI KATO; (RIHANNA) DENNIS VAN TINE/RETNA LTD.; (VOYEUR) SAMUEL C. FROST/VOYEUR

FEAST YOUR EYES

At Voyeur, don't be afraid to stare.

If you like to watch, or just want to be seen, this new West Hollywood club with an old-world feel is the place to go. The retro feel has much to do with its history as a glittering burlesque club frequented by the Rat Pack (when it was the famous Pink Pussycat) and home to the Pink Pussycat College of Striptease in the sixties and seventies.

Voyeur makes up for its overpriced, average drinks with masked, topless dancers who play out risqué scenes in a room encased with glass from the former *New York Times* building, four feet above the crowd. In another room, cocktail waitresses flit about in lingerie as performers strut across the stage barely clothed, some wearing only thongs and electrical tape over their nipples. Adult star Mia Presley (see page 102) serves as art director and director of entertainment for Voyeur. Regarding the get-ups, she says, "We wanted something that incorporated the overarching theme that is consistent with the club—graceful exposure in a tasteful and nonthreatening way. Wigs allow the girls to feel less inhibited and don an alter-ego, like our guests do when they step inside." One night recently, a sexy pair acted out a slave/master scene and played with equestrian equipment reminiscent of Maggie Gyllenhaal and James Spader's romantic encounters in *Secretary.*

Voyeur is perfect for, well, voyeurs, as it's easy to imagine what the hipster guys and stunning model-types will get up to later in the night—especially if you catch a couple slipping into the photo booth ... the only place to escape prying eyes. —*Rebecca Swanner*

SHE SAID IT

"If you don't send your boyfriend naked pictures, then I feel sorry for him." —pop singer Rihanna

darling

When the lovely Nikki Benz first graced these pages, in May 2008, readers asked for more of the bodacious blonde. Who are we to refuse such a reasonable request? And while we didn't find her in a hotel lobby masturbating with a magazine, we're thinking that once Ms. Benz starts to grind, she could give Prince's Darling Nikki a run for her money.

Photographs by Phillip'e

nikki

"I took a year off after high school and started stripping to make some money for college. The money was so good, I never went to college. Then I got a full-blown career as an adult model and actress."

"I would have sex with a stranger if it was a one-night stand and I was into him. And I definitely don't have a problem sleeping with someone on a first date if he turns me on, and if he has a great personality. I'm in control of the situation."

"I would love to have sex with Megan Fox or Johnny Depp. I'll even take them both in a boy/girl/girl kinda way! And Angelina Jolie is also a really beautiful person."

THE BIG RIP

NIKKI BENZ
APRIL 2010 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

NIKKI BENZ
APRIL 2010 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

NIKKI BENZ
APRIL 2010 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

Vital stats:
28 years old
34DD-24-34; 5'5"

Hometown:
Toronto.

Your favorite thing about your hometown:
It's a multicultural city, so you can find all types of food there.

Favorite TV shows:
Dexter, Entourage, and *True Blood*. I'd love to do a layout with Dexter.

Favorite movies:
Scarface, Goodfellas, Casino, The Hangover, There's Something About Mary, Wedding Crashers. I'm a mobster/comedy kind of girl.

Favorite music:
Most of what's on my iPod is hip-hop, but I love all kinds of music.

What music gets you in the mood?
Any sexy song I can thrust my hips to.

Favorite sports to watch:
Hockey, boxing, basketball, football.

Favorite sports to play:
I've played all kinds of sports, but it's hard because of my big boobies.

Favorite workout:
Sex. And feature dancing is my secret to staying in shape.

Most daring thing you've ever done:
Run naked across the street in South Beach on a dare. I can't believe I had the balls to do it!

Nikki Benz

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM. SEE MORE OF NIKKI AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

CALL ME! 1-800-799-PETT (1-800-799-7388)
CALLERS MUST BE 18 OR OLDER
COST: $1.99 TO $2.99/MINUTE

"The most exciting place I've ever made love is on a cruise ship going over the Panama Canal. We could have gotten caught at any time, as we were having sex in a public area at night on a deck chair. It was amazing!"

May 2010
PENTHOUSE
Pet of the Month
Roxanna

On newsstands
April 20th, 2010

The Porn Oscars

Every January, the adult industry takes over Las Vegas for a long weekend. Stars meet fans at the Adult Entertainment Expo, everybody parties like rock stars, and the best of the previous year is celebrated at the Adult Video News Awards.

Comedian Dave Attell cohosted the 27th annual awards show with September 2008 Pet Kayden Kross and starlet Kirsten Price. Attell was in fine form and got rave reviews from attendees. The comic's best moment, in our humble opinion, was his description of what he would say if asked to remove a performer's anal beads: "And the winning Powerball numbers are...." For her part, Kayden tells us, "It was one of the best experiences I've ever had. Being in the audience is a rush as it is, especially when you're nominated, but hosting was a whole new level of amazing!"

The night was full of the kind of entertaining patter other awards shows can only dream of. Before the nominees for Female Performer of the Year were read, presenter Evan Stone said, "There are 15 nominees for Female Performer—15!—and I've fucked all of them!" His copresenter, Joanna Angel, quickly replied, "Oh yeah? Me too!" (See some of our other favorite comments below.)

Penthouse Pets were the night's biggest winners, with more than a dozen awards, including some of the event's top honors. Among them: July 2007 Pet Sasha Grey, who won Best Anal Sex Scene and Best Oral Sex Scene, was also the Jenna Jameson Crossover Star of the Year; June 2009 Pet Kagney Linn Karter won Best New Starlet; 2009 Pet of the Year Runner-Up Shawna Leneé was Unsung Starlet of the Year; 2003 Pet of the Year

Our Favorite Quotes

AVN Awards cohost **Kirsten Price,** who, along with April 2008 Pet Alektra Blue and seven other performers, won for Best Group Sex Scene: **"I'd like to thank all the vaginas and all the cocks...."**

Sasha Grey (left), accepting the Best Oral Sex Scene award: **"I really didn't think I was going to win this. Can someone remind me who the guy was?"**

Alexander DeVoe, accepting for Best Ethnic-Themed Series, Black, brought the Mrs. onstage and said, **"I want to thank my wife for allowing me to do porn and come home and not be in trouble."**

By Jennifer Peters

Pet of the Year Taylor Vixen and Runner-Up Veronica Ricci showed their support for their fellow centerfolds.

Sunny Leone, our 2003 Pet of the Year, took home Web Starlet of the Year.

Sunny Leone took home Web Starlet of the Year; and *Penthouse* model Lexi Belle won Best New Web Starlet.

But Tori Black (top left), our December 2008 Pet of the Month, stole the show. Tori was named Female Performer of the Year and honored with six other awards: Best Tease Performance; Best Gonzo Release, *Tori Black Is Pretty Filthy;* Best Interactive DVD, *Interactive Sex With Tori Black;* Best All-Girl Couples Sex Scene, with Lexi Belle; Best All-Girl Threeway Sex Scene, with Poppy Morgan and March 2008 Pet Bree Olson; and Best Threeway Sex Scene, with Mark Ashley and March 2009 Pet Rebeca Linares. Our favorite post-ceremony quote from Tori came to us via Twitter: "Holy shit. Just got home from Vegas, relaxing in bed wondering WTF just happened?!? Thanks to the AVN Awards I need a new shelf!"

"Winning is the most amazing feeling," Sunny Leone told us. "Sort of like when I got the call that I was Pet of the Year. I really can't believe it. I wasn't expecting to win. I was hoping I would, and I was confident that I had the best website, but you never know what the voters are looking for. I'm very thankful to AVN for recognizing my work." Sunny also won Best All-Girl Group Sex Scene, which she shared with January 2009 Pet Teagan Presley and *Penthouse* model Eva Angelina. The luscious Teagan took home Best Solo Sex Scene as well.

Penthouse Studios won again this year, with the Penthouse Variations line honored as Best Vignette Series.

Our girl on the beat, October 2009 Pet Ryan Keely, concluded, "This is when the industry gives back to the key players and the people who've made a difference over the past year. It's amazing that so many people gather to honor one another and the work they do."

PHOTOGRAPH BY (TAYLOR AND VERONICA, SUNNY LEONE) DRIVENBYBOREDOM.COM

Pet Toys

We know you want to get your hands on our 2010 Pet of the Year, Taylor Vixen. You'll have your chance now that the voluptuous Pet's private parts are being immortalized in CyberSkin for the Penthouse Pet Collection line of sex toys.

Not long after being crowned Pet of the Year, Taylor visited the Topco Sales headquarters and had choice pieces of her spectacular anatomy molded for posterity—and for a special line of adult toys. "I'm really excited about my breasts because they don't usually mold natural boobs," Taylor said. "They're going to make mine a little jiggly, too, which is really cool. And I love the feet. I'm a size five, and I have these amazing arches, so people love my feet. I'm so excited to see the toy they make from them! And they also did my hands. Oh, and my vagina. I don't know which one I like most."

GIRLS' NIGHT IN

Most Naked Lady Parties are just about clothes. But some women like to break out the booze and sex toys and go a little wild.

By Ronnie Koenig
Illustrations by Charlene Chua

Maybe you've heard your wife, girlfriend, or female friends talk about attending a Naked Lady Party. Essentially, it's a clothing swap where women bring their unwanted outfits to the host's home and spend the evening swilling cocktails and modeling one another's clothes. Everyone walks away with a few items and a good time is had by all. And although women are undressing in front of each other, there's nothing necessarily sexual about the event. That is, unless you attend one hosted by my friend Cameron.

A sexy, beer-swilling, blonde workaholic, Cam is known for instigating debauchery at her occasional parties—and the last one was no exception.

"I make no secret of the fact that I'm bisexual," says the leggy lawyer (whose name has been changed here, as have those of all the women). "Of course I want to invite hot girls to my parties." The requirements for an invite are simple: "You have to be a fairly good dresser, a size eight or under, and, ah, shall we say, open-minded," she says with a smile.

Preparation for the party begins a week in advance. "I clean out my closet, clean the apartment, and make sure I'm totally groomed and completely shaved down there," says Cameron. Because, hey, you never know!

On a warm spring night in New York City, eight women convened at Cam's Upper East Side apartment, carrying bags of last season's outfits. "Before we get down to our skivvies, I like to liquor everyone up," Cameron says with a laugh. A natural exhibitionist, Cameron is usually the first to undress. "Personally, I'm walking around in my Hanes cotton bra and panties," she says. "But some people show up in the black silk panties, the La Perla lace demicup bras. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't checking everyone out." Some of the attendees are women Cameron has known since college, while others are friends of friends. "I try to create a welcoming, relaxed environment," she says. "On the one hand, it's about getting great clothes—for free—but for some of us, it's the one chance we've had in months to have a girls' night and go a little wild."

The goods are separated into piles according to type of clothing and the women take turns trying things on. "There was a new girl at the party, Risa," Cameron tells me. "She was really petite with dark curly hair. Big tits. Big ass. Small waist. Having no tits myself, I was pretty much enthralled, watching her try on someone's blue wrap dress. 'Don't her boobs look juicy in that!' my friend Taryn shouted. I just had to go and see for myself. Basically I walked up to Risa and started feeling her up. 'These are nice!' I told her. She was blushing, but I could tell she liked it. We all noticed that her bra was showing through the neckline of the dress so I started to get on her case. 'You have to lose the bra,' I insisted. Risa pulled the dress down off her shoulders. She had on one of those bras that clasps in the front. With one little snap, she popped it open, setting free these two enormous breasts with big, brown areolas. Everyone was shouting and clapping."

But Risa wasn't the only one letting loose. "I took off my bra, too, and was walking around topless," said Cameron, with not a smidgen of apology in her voice. "What? I didn't want the poor girl to feel lonely!"

Soon after, Taryn got into the spirit and cast off her gigantic brassiere. "It's one of those really sturdy bras,"

"I'M A HUGE EXHIBITIONIST," CAMERON SAYS. "SO WE BASICALLY TOOK TURNS HANGING OUT THE WINDOW AND SHAKING OUR TITS AT THIS GROUP OF HOWLING GUYS."

explains Cameron, "because Taryn has these enormous 36G's that cannot be contained by any normal bra. Of course I had forgotten to close the blinds, and within a few minutes, we heard some guys on the street below yelling at us."

Instead of closing the shades, some of the ladies took it as an opportunity for fun. "I'm a huge exhibitionist," Cameron says. "Just a huge attention slut. So we basically took turns hanging out the window and shaking our tits at this group of howling guys." She laughs, "They started yelling that they wanted to come up, but I said absolutely not. This was a girls' night, no boys allowed. 'Show us your dicks!' yelled my friend Nancy, who is normally the most conservative one of the bunch. She was like, 'We want to see some cock!' One guy actually did pull his out and start waving it around. That was when we closed the window."

As the night carried on, the women played "fashion show," trying on outfits and commenting on each other's new looks. "Around midnight, people started packing it in, but a few of the girls stayed around." That was when the real fun began.

"My friend Winnie works in PR and she had brought over some new sex toys she'd gotten from one of her clients," says Cameron. "One was a remote-control vibrator. I had to try it immediately."

Cameron lay down on her bed, with Risa and Winnie on either side of her. Taryn took hold of the controller.

"I put this little vibrating egg in my panties," Cameron recalls. "At first I was laughing, because it was just silly. But then I started to get really warm. Taryn smiled at me and turned the intensity up even higher. My breath started to quicken, and Winnie started to pinch my nipples while Risa pushed the little vibrating egg hard onto my pussy. I started to come really hard, more intensely than I had in a long, long time."

Taryn, the married one of the bunch, took her leave soon after. "Winnie and Risa stayed behind and we put on some music. It came out that Risa had never been with a woman before, but she was curious. Winnie and I took that as our cue to show her what she was missing out on. Winnie is this beautiful Asian girl with long black hair and perfect skin. As I started to kiss Risa and caress her breasts, Winnie got down between our new friend's legs, slid off her panties, and began licking and fingering Risa's neatly groomed little pussy. It was a huge turn-on, watching Risa's face as she responded to Winnie's tongue lashing. She let out a moan when she came, and I was getting really wet just watching."

Then it was Winnie's turn. "Risa had never gone down on a woman," Cameron continues, "so both of us took turns getting Winnie off. We alternated between using the vibrating egg and our mouths on her. You could say it was a team effort."

So was the party a success? "The next morning, I cleaned up the apartment and sorted through my new clothes, which included two skirts, a halter top, and a pair of jeans," says Cameron. "That's three new outfits, and three orgasms!" Not bad for one night.

THE HOTTEST URL FOR GIRL-GIRL ACTION IS
DANNI.COM
REAL. SEXY.
Join **danni.com** and get today's most beautiful porn stars and fresh faces in hundreds of hours of original soft and hardcore lesbian and solo girl movies, erotica and live chats!
Visit **danni.com**

indian gold

Priya Rai likes long walks on the beach and relaxing with a good book, but, rest assured, the exotic beauty with the 34DD-25-35 curves has a wild side, too. Her favorite thing about working in porn? "I love sucking dick." Straight and to the point. We knew there was a reason we liked this sultry 32-year-old.

Photographs by Emma Nixon

"As a porn star—or 'doctor of love,' as I describe the job—there's always something exciting going on in my life. I love meeting all the cool people, and I love the end results and the fame. I could never be a groupie. I don't chase men—they chase me."

"By the second date, I know if I want to fuck a guy. At that point I can tell if he's hot and witty or just needs to shut the fuck up and go away. Then, if I like the guy, I just ask, 'Hey, you wanna fuck?' Or I jump him."

"If I had to choose between losing my right arm or the ability to have orgasms, I'd give up orgasms. I probably wouldn't get laid without my arm, but even if I didn't have orgasms, I'd still be able to fuck."

"My biggest turn-on is watching porn. Not myself, though. And my favorite fantasy involves fucking in a tub of Jell-O, but I have no idea why. Maybe because Jell-O is cool and sex is hot."

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM. SEE MORE OF PRIYA AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

GOING TO THE DOGS

Tamar Geller's Operation Heroes & Hounds matches up shelter dogs with wounded marines, and helps the marines recover and transition back into society.

By Rebecca Swanner • Photographs by Lionel Deluy

When Tamar Geller opens the door to her home high in the Bel Air hills, all we notice at first are the tanned, super-toned legs peeking out from underneath her short skirt, and the five sweet dogs that surround them. The petite vegetarian (and former model) quickly invites us in as we enjoy a fuzzy welcome from Duke (a yellow lab–German shepherd mix Geller adopted from a shelter after he'd been rescued from an illegal dog-fighting facility).

Geller, a former intelligence officer in the Israeli army, has been "coaching" dogs for a variety of clients for the past 21 years. (Some clients are not so famous, while one is known simply as Oprah.) She's become an adviser to the Humane Society of the United States; released a book, *The Loved Dog: The Playful, Nonaggressive Way to Teach Your Dog Good Behavior,* which explains her "Loved Dog" method of training; battled with Los Angeles to open a cage-free doggie day care and kennel; and launched two nonprofit charities: Another Chance for Love, an eight-week program in which juvenile delinquents train shelter dogs, and Operation Heroes & Hounds (OperationHeroesandHounds.org).

The Operation Heroes & Hounds program started in California at Camp Pendleton as a means to aid wounded marines both in their recovery and in their transition back into society. Participants include members of the United States military who suffer from post-traumatic stress disorder and traumatic brain injuries. These "walking wounded" are paired with shelter dogs in need of behavior modification. Using Geller's teaching method, service members get to coach and live with the dogs, forming a bond of trust while helping to heal each other's emotional wounds. Geller's program is highly beneficial to the service members involved (see sidebar), who develop renewed confidence and life skills, and also to the shelter dogs, giving them an increased likelihood of being adopted. It's a powerful program that heals and empowers its members.

Before you became a trainer, you were an intelligence officer in the Israeli army. What was that like?
It was tons of fun! It was unbelievable to be a female officer. Everyone goes into the army, but to be an intelligence officer in the Air Force and get to work with the Special Forces? That had never happened before. I demanded it. My boyfriend was a CH-53 pilot—those are the big helicopters—and he was working with the Special Forces. Everyone in my neighborhood was either in Special Forces or pilots. At the time you were not supposed to know they existed. But I knew, and I never played by the rules, even in the army.

Why was that your goal?
It meant I would be working with the most brilliant people and doing things I would never get to do in the outside world. It was to know the intelligence of what was going on in the world during the Iraq-Iran war. You know everything. You know when Saddam Hussein sneezes. As a woman, I did not have many options, and that was the most interesting thing I could have done in terms of adventure.

Are you adventurous by nature?
I'm always looking to live life in the most exciting way. I like to have the uncertainty within the certainty. But sometimes it's tough. One weekend, I went hiking with the guys and they taught me rappelling. Three days later, we had a mission and one of the guys who taught me was killed.

Another time my boyfriend was shot down. I knew whoever was going to fly that day would be shot at, but I couldn't say anything. Everything turned out okay, but those kinds of experiences make you appreciate things differently.

Do any of the skills you learned in the army carry over to what you do now?
It's all about strategic planning. You have plan A, plan B, plan C, and plan D. That has served me with dog training because it's not one size fits all. If I want to teach a dog to sit and instead he backs off, I say, "Okay, you give me new behavior, let me move to plan D."

You developed your training method partially from watching the wolves in one of Israel's nature preserves. Were you ever scared?
In the beginning I was, and then I realized there is never blood. Everything they did was physical contact, including the way they challenged and played with each other. But at the beginning, until I understood, I was scared. The scientists doing the research explained what the behaviors meant, and I got books and, all of a sudden, I could see so much more. They are so similar to dogs.

You backpacked through Southeast Asia and then ended up living in Los Angeles. How did that happen?
When I was traveling, I also stayed for a couple of months in Japan and did some modeling. They love short, blonde women. When I came here—I was on my way home to start my life, to be a shrink—my *Lonely Planet* book said that Venice Beach is great and gave me the name of a hostel. I went there and didn't understand English, and they were asking if I wanted to rent the room by the hour. I'm like, *Why? I want to spend the night! Who sleeps just for an hour?* It shows you how much being a foreigner is such a trip. I rented it for the night, and, obviously, did not get much sleep from all the commotion going on. The next day, I was on the boardwalk and I saw a poster for Pink Floyd. They were about to play. I was like*, I'd better find where to stay because I'm not going back if they're about to play.* I called different dog trainers and wanted to apprentice to see how they were training dogs in benevolent America. It surprised me that the Israeli army training and the way they train here were the same. It's all about breaking the spirit and building it up again in the way you like. Now we know from behavioral science that that is the most backward thing to do. When you're not building teamwork, you're only getting them to do things out of fear, and they will not give you as much as when they're happy and loving.

"Let's help these amazing people who sacrificed for our country and help these dogs. It's a win-win situation. It's the quickest way of healing these soldiers."

Did you clash with the other trainers?
No, they just pooh-poohed me. They looked at me like, *Oh, you cute, stupid girl, you foreigner you*. I barely spoke the language. But I knew what should be done, though I didn't think it would be my career.

What is the theory behind the Loved Dog method?
A dog is a little bit like a wolf, but it also has aspects of a toddler. When you address both needs, you have a

well-behaved dog. We move them from just being wolves to being a well-mannered part of society. There is also a pleasure-versus-pain aspect. We all do things to gain pleasure and avoid pain.

Tell me more about Operation Heroes & Hounds.
I want people to understand that the wounded warriors have done so much for our country, and it's not enough to just give them therapy. They really need to practice their skill set. I want people to support this program. We are killing close to five million dogs a year. These dogs cost nothing; to take dogs like that and to incorporate them with these warriors and to give love to these warriors—it's the least we can do for them.

What sort of transformations have you seen in the veterans involved in Operation Heroes & Hounds?
It's amazing, the physical change with these people. They start out very withdrawn, very introverted, because they are ashamed of their injuries, of the way they look. They feel they are not worthy because they are trained to be warriors. One of them said to me, "I am a useless, broken piece of machinery"—because he cannot fight anymore. He felt he let his fellow [soldiers] down by getting shot in the face by a sniper. I'm looking at him like, are you freaking crazy? What are you feeling guilty about? It's amazing to see how they have this one identity, and what we do through the dogs is expand their identity. With dogs and therapy, it's so much faster than therapy alone. I really wish people would support the program and talk to their congressmen and senators about it. Let's help these amazing people who sacrificed for our country and help these dogs. It's a win-win situation. It's the quickest way of healing these soldiers. We do take donations, because the more we can get the more we can expand the program.

What's the plan?
I'm working with a few people in the armed forces to figure out how we can expand it, because initially, it was only for people with PTSD, and now we're looking to offer it to people who are amputees. We did it just with the Marines, and I'm very grateful to General Petraeus's wife, Holly Petraeus, who made the connection for us. But I am looking to offer it to everybody. In the VA hospitals, there are people who are in service and out of the service. I want people to know about it. We can change the world. This is such a simple thing. Let's take a shelter dog and hook it up with a wounded warrior. [It's] an unbelievable return for the investment.

Do you have any future goals regarding the way the military trains their dogs?
Now the military treats dogs like gold. Twentysomething years ago, they didn't know. In the United States it's starting to change. With search and rescue, they use toys. They teach the dog to look for a tennis ball. The benevolent way to do it is with games. Then the dog wants more, and gives you 100 percent. If they are doing it out of fear, they are doing the bare minimum and then getting out of there. The Israeli army is using games now. They've changed.

There's one dog-related question that we'd love for you to answer. What do you do when the dog is in the room and you're trying to get busy?
Give your dog their favorite chew toy. You don't want to leave the chew toys on the floor all the time because they become bored with them. Give the dog an uncooked marrowbone and put him outside the door.

Heroes & Hounds

These recovering warriors give new meaning to "man's best friend."

"I wouldn't smile at anyone at all before—I was always about business and very aggressive with my facial expressions. Since the dogs came, I'm always just playing with them and grinning and laughing. They make me a lot more at ease and a lot happier. It's pretty fun!"

—Samuel Reyes, machine gunner
Samuel suffered major burns, and his liver, spleen, and kidneys were pierced by bullets.

"This has been just one of the greatest opportunities that has happened for me. Being able to get a companion and someone to share my time with and take me away from all the medical stress and everything else has helped me out so much and bettered my rehabilitation. [She] has been through so much, and I've been through so much, and we're going to work this out together."

—Brittney Hutchins, motor transportation
Brittney suffered a traumatic brain injury in a motor-vehicle accident. She also had two strokes and broke most of the bones on the left side of her body.

"My sleeping has gotten a lot better. I was on medication to put me to sleep and then on medication just to set [my] mind away from these bad dreams—these bad visions that [I] see at night. The dogs just help [me]. I've cut out all of my meds now."

—Brian Vargas, 0311 Infantry
Brian was struck in the face by a bullet from an enemy sniper.

Find Your **Perfect Sexual Match** Tonight!

GETITON.COM™

Find Your Sexually Compatible Match

Join for FREE!* Visit www.getiton.com™

GETITON is a trademark of Various, Inc. Used by permission. Models depicted in photo.
*Access to certain site features requires an upgrade from a free membership to a paid membership.

SPORTIN' BIG BOOBS

Penthouse Letters

A play-by-play of all the action in this sports-themed porno would take a lot more space than I have, so let's go right to the highlights. Brunette bombshell Beverly Hills gives a marathon blowjob when she hits the showers with her partner after a jog. The badminton setup introducing Jessica Bangkok and Phoenix Marie's lesbo volley is played more for laughs than anything else, but seeing the Asian cutie's nose stuffed in Phoenix's asshole while she laps her twat is some serious shit. Brooke Banner, a magnificently floppy-titted beauty with some sweet ink, proves that sex, like football, is a game of inches when she and Nick Manning get down to business, even though the emphasis on breast play gets lost in their rush to the goal line. All five scenes go the distance to show what sexual athletes the big-titted starlets and their dick-slinging partners are.

Above: Beverly Hills and Kris Slater. Right: Brooke Banner and Nick Manning. Below: Phoenix Marie.

VICTORIA ZDROK'S GUIDE TO GREAT SEX
Penthouse Forum

If you want to learn how to fuck like a pro and pleasure a woman like a man, who better to teach you than Victoria Zdrok? Her *Penthouse* column comes to beautiful, sexually charged life in this disc, which subtly manages to straddle the line between instructional video and hard-core stroke show. She answers questions about such sticky topics as helping your lady climax from intercourse, penis size, maneuvering through different positions, and anal sex; porn starlets Sienna West, Roxanne Hall, and 2009 Penthouse Pet of the Year Runner-Up Shawna Leneé are the ladies who demonstrate the various techniques she describes. The highlight for me is the final scene, where Victoria herself shows the proper stimulation of the G spot with blonde knockout Laurie Wallace. Unlike other couples-oriented sex vids, you'll definitely want to watch this honest and erotic DVD alone. You don't want your lover to know where you learned all your tricks, do you?

SEX SECRETS OF A DIRTY BLONDE
Penthouse Variations

Angelina Ashe has everything you want in a dirty blonde: slutty makeup, full lips, and the desire to hook up with a stocky stud who'll fuck her pierced pussy like it needs to be fucked. Cover girl Tanya James also gives up a good one that starts with a hard finger-banging and expert pussy-licking from Randy Spears. Tanya returns the favor with a long deep-throat job, but the pair really starts clickin' when she slips his dick in. From there it's a balls-deep road trip to loadsville, where Randy coats her clam with come. Button-cute Brynn Tyler gets the flick's best scene, giving a beautiful hands-on hummer to Johnny Castle while her B-cup boobs dangle into a tub full of sudsy bathwater. Then she mounts his rod and gets taken reverse-cowgirl, mish, and doggie. Director Cash Markman couldn't have chosen a better, more sexperienced crew of honey-haired harlots if I'd helped him myself.

Above left: Victoria Zdrok and Laurie Wallace. Above right: Brynn Tyler and Johnny Castle.

All the DVDs reviewed in *Penthouse* can be purchased at PenthouseStore.com.

Join for Free!
AdultFriendFinder.com
The World's Largest Sex & Swinger Personals Community
Live Nude Member Videos!
Real people, live video! FREE live, nude webcams!
Erotic Member Photos!
Millions of steamy photo sets from sexy singles and couples!
With more than 20 million members worldwide, it's easy to find live action near you!
Join at
www.adultfriendfinder.com
AdultFriendFinder is a registered trademark of Various, Inc. Models depicted in photos. Access to certain site features require a paid membership.

sweater girls

Perhaps it's true that, as Tennyson wrote, in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. Mia Presley and Kayla Paige, however, offer up proof of what we've long believed: A young man's—and young woman's—fancy quickly turns to more lustful pursuits.

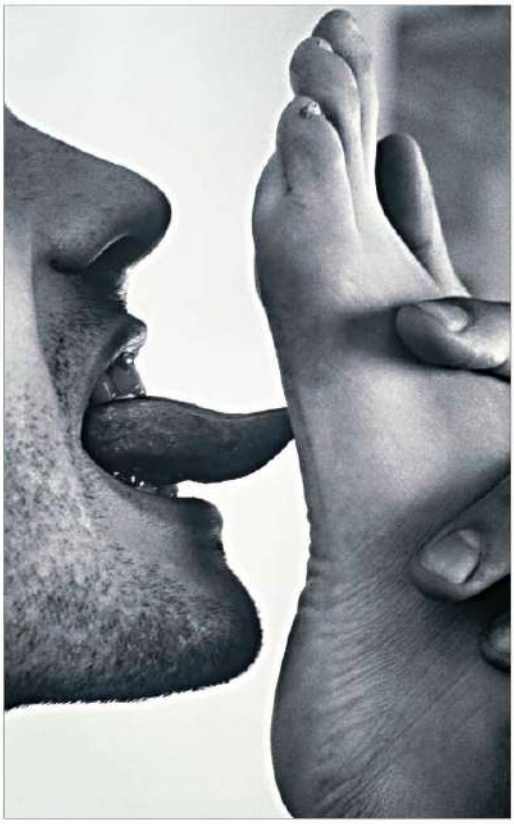
Photographs by Ellen Stagg from Stagg Street

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA.
GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM.
SEE MORE OF MIA AND KAYLA AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Relationships may be more complicated than ever, but the eternal truth is, sex is—and should be—good. In order to help you get the most out of your sex life, you need advice from experts on both sides of the bed.

By Martin Downs, M.P.H., and Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.



TOE WOES

I've been keeping a secret from my girlfriend of four months because the last girlfriend I confided in dumped me. I thought we'd agreed to be honest and tell each other our fantasies, but when I did, she called me a freak, among other things, and dropped me before I could explain. My secret is, I love women's feet. Nothing gets me more worked up than a girl's toes. What is it about this preference that makes girls freak out? And should I take a chance with my current girlfriend and tell her? I really like her (and her feet) and don't want to fuck this up.

The Downs side: For a moment there you had me worried. I thought you were about to divulge some really nasty perversion. But feet? As kinks go, that's not at all shocking. I can assure you that your ex-girlfriend's reaction was extreme, mean, and stupid. Being into feet doesn't make you a freak—at least not in a bad way. A lot of people have a sexual interest in feet, to varying degrees. There's no telling how many others share your predilection, but research suggests that fetishes for feet and foot-related things, such as high heels, may be the most common type.

Having been burned once, it's understandable that you're anxious about bringing up your foot thing with another girlfriend. However, there's nothing so disturbing about a little toe-sucking kink that you should expect every woman to freak out about it. I can think of only a couple of reasons why your ex did. Either she had a traumatic association with a foot fetishist in the past, or she is intolerant of unusual sexual practices. The former would be rare, although there was a case a while back about a serial foot molester; being intolerant, unfortunately, isn't rare at all. It would be a drag to date someone like that in the long run, so I think it's worth the risk of finding out.

Just don't have a big, serious talk about it with her. You don't want her to feel like this is a sickness she has to help you deal with. Instead, she should think that you're a passionate lover who wants to lick, fuck, and come on every part of her body, including her feet.

Next time you get into foreplay, sensuously kiss her all over, from her neck down to her stomach, thighs, calves, and—hey, what's this?—feet. Or, while you're fucking, pick up her leg and just start sucking on a toe. If she's says, "Oh, gross! Are you out of your fucking mind?" stop, and discuss it with her later. But she just might think it's fun, or at least nothing to complain about.

When I was younger, totally self-assured, and perfectly clueless, I thought all women liked X, Y, and Z because I'd been with some who had really, really liked those things. So I went about happily X-, Y-, and Z-ing with other women. Only later did I learn that X, Y, and Z might have been more unusual than I'd been led to believe, and that I had raised some eyebrows. The lesson I drew from this is that sometimes it's better to do what you like and see how it plays out. As long as you're not coercive or putting anyone in danger, it's all in good fun.

Remember, women generally do love to have their feet pampered, and many would think you're a gem for always being ready with foot rubs. And in many cultures throughout the ages, lavishing attention on another person's feet has been considered a profound expression of love and respect.

The Pet doctor: Men liking our feet doesn't freak us out—what freaks us out is men who obsess over our feet (particularly to the point of forgetting about our pussies). We want our men to admire our hair, face, and hands—because we spend so much time styling our hair, putting on creams and makeup, and getting manicures.

We have a much more complicated relationship with our feet—more than 50 percent of women report they do not like the appearance of their feet, which often have calluses, hammertoes, and ingrown nails. And few women are able to keep up with regular pedicure treatments, particularly in the cold weather, since you have to walk outside wearing flip-flops after a fresh pedicure or sit in the salon for up to 30 minutes to allow toenails to dry completely. As a result, our feet are not nearly as pampered as our hands or other body parts. They often ache from high heels and feel dirty and unclean. Thus, while we appreciate a good foot massage or an occasional toe-sucking following a fresh pedicure, we prefer that men concentrate on our other body parts.

Most women get far more turned on from French kissing and gentle caressing of their breasts than from toe foreplay. And when you obsess over a specific body part to the exclusion of everything else about us, it makes us feel objectified.

In terms of telling your current girlfriend, you can certainly tell her about how much you like her and her feet. If you confess that all you want to do for the rest of your sex life with her is worship her toes, she is likely to dump you just like your ex. And can you really blame her? How would you feel if she confessed to you that all she wants to do is suck *your* toes?

PHOTOGRAPH BY (LEFT) G. JUNE/CORBIS

IS SHE OR ISN'T SHE?

My wife and I enjoy having sex in public places whenever we can. We started doing it before we got married and kept it up because it makes the sex so hot. Whenever we go out together my wife wears skirts and we both go commando so we're always prepared. Lately, within the past five months, she hasn't been interested in hooking up as much as we used to. But she's still going around without panties even when I'm not with her. I'm starting to wonder if she's gotten bored with me and started doing "our thing" with someone else. She says everything's okay with us and that she's just taking a break from public sex. Should I be worried? I'm tempted to follow her to see if she's screwing around on me. Should I? And if she is, what should I do?

The Downs side: Yes, no, and it's your call. Yes, you should be worried that your wife is going around with no panties but not fucking you. No, you shouldn't follow her, because that would make you kind of a psycho, unless you're with a film crew making an episode of *Cheaters,* in which case it would be great entertainment. And if you find out that her heavenly gate has been open 24 hours to all comers, then you should deal with it maturely and appropriately.

I could tell you that 70 percent of women who have habitually engaged in sexual intercourse in public places remain exclusively monogamous after marriage, and that 30 percent of those women regularly forgo wearing panties regardless of the frequency of public sexual encounters with their spouse. Except that would be completely made up.

If you were to put on a fake beard and sunglasses and follow her around until you caught her in the act, think what the best possible outcome would be. I doubt it would result in her fucking you more often.

All you have to go on is intuition. Stretch out with your feelings. Use the Force. If you sense she's not the kind to mess around, panties or no, then she's probably not messing around. If you feel in your gut you're being cheated on, you're probably right.

The Pet doctor: Your wife's behavior is indeed a cause for alarm. A woman wants to take a break from having sex with you, but continues to wear short skirts with no panties? Most women find going commando to be quite uncomfortable because vaginal secretions and sweat create a sticky and damp environment—for that reason, we don't generally skip panties unless we're looking for some sexual action. There is no way not to get turned on when you are going commando, as you feel so deliciously naughty and exposed, so unless she likes the feeling of perpetual sexual frustration, or she is into self-eroticism, someone is satisfying your woman. You definitely need to find out what is going on. Instead of following her, I would hire a private detective. It's a lot less messy and nerve-wracking, and spares you the shock of being an eyewitness to something that could cause you to blow your gasket.

What should you do if you find out that someone is dipping into your wife's honey pot? Well, that depends on your views on being cuckolded—some men are outraged and leave their wives; others are turned on and hide in the closet to get a better look. I won't even try to predict how you will react if you see your wife's naked and horny pussy being played with by another man—or woman.

COME AGAIN

My wife is blessed with the ability to have multiple orgasms. But once I come, I'm done—at least for a while. Her being multiorgasmic makes my job a whole lot easier, but why isn't it the same for us guys?

The Pet doctor: Although it's easier for women to achieve multiple orgasms, men, too, are capable of learning to be multiorgasmic. The key to achieving long-lasting orgasmic nirvana is to understand that orgasm and ejaculation are two separate experiences for men. To achieve multiple orgasms, you will have to learn to identify your "point of no return," or the moment after which your ejaculation is inevitable. You will need to practice squeezing your PC muscle to prevent ejaculation while allowing your body to experience an orgasm. Your PC muscle is the one you use to stop the flow of urine when you pee. After you identify the muscle, you will have to perform daily exercises whereby you squeeze and release it, called male Kegeling. Once your PC muscle is strengthened through daily exercise, you

will need to practice squeezing it right at the point of no return during masturbation. When most men squeeze their PC muscles at that time, they report a feeling of tingly orgasm without ejaculation.

Of course, being a woman, I can't vouch for the experience, but from what I've heard from my patients (and experienced with a few talented male lovers), multiple male orgasms are within your reach. If you are interested in competing with your wife in the orgasmatron, you can consult a number of books on the subject. It takes some work and dedication, but with the right exercises, you too can be the Energizer Bunny of sex.

The Downs side: What you're referring to is called the "refractory period." That's the fixed time between having an orgasm and being able to have another orgasm. In their groundbreaking research on the biological aspects of human sexuality in the 1960s, researchers Masters and Johnson found that there's a period of time after a man has an orgasm in which it's impossible to have another one, try as he might. There's no refractory period for women, though. They're capable of having orgasm upon orgasm in rapid succession.

The length of the refractory period differs among men, and it appears to increase with age. But once you ejaculate, you're done, and the clock starts counting down. It could be as little as 15 or 30 minutes, or as long as several hours.

Dr. Z is right: The only way to get around that mandatory time-out is to learn how to control ejaculation. Many men are able to have multiple "mini-orgasms" by exercising that control. But it does take practice. Remember the song "Relax," back in 1984? "Relax, don't do it, when you want to come"? Right.

It takes a lot of practice to recognize when you're about to come, and then to back off from that point of no return. When you jack off, do it deliberately and don't rush. Once you get good at it, you can actually feel what amounts to a mini-orgasm. You'll see your dick throb like it does when you come, but without the full release. Then you can keep on going and climax again. Or so I've heard.

THREE'S A CROWD?

I recently split with my girlfriend, so I've started hanging out in a lot of bars and clubs. Sometimes there are girls at these places who are kissing each other or dancing together and I can't help myself. When I see two beautiful women together like that I'm drawn to them like a magnet. I've approached some—I mean, who wouldn't? But I'm not sure if it's okay to hit on just one. Should I go for both? If I zero in on one, am I fucking up my chances of possibly getting to do both together? I don't want to take what I see for granted, but I also don't want to pass up a chance to do double duty if that's what the situation calls for.

The Downs side: I would never profess to be any sort of pickup artist, and I've never been one for the club scene. The last time I went to a club was in London several years ago, and then only because the pubs close before midnight. Nevertheless, I know enough to say that two girls kissing on the dance floor are probably not going to be having sex with you because either they're teasing, or they're going home together.

You can chat up more than one woman at a time. All it takes is using the plural form of "you," as in, what are your names? Would you like to have a drink with me? Where are you going after here?

Maybe it goes without saying, but don't get slack-jawed over a couple of hot chicks kissing. Don't say anything like, "Oh, my God, are you lesbians or what?" Pretend you didn't even notice, or if they're going at it in front of you, smile and otherwise be unimpressed. Even if you like one more than the other, still engage both. If one says something, acknowledge her, then look the other in the eye and invite her to comment. If they're going home with you, they both have to think you're cool.

That's just common-sense advice, and I can't give you any anecdotes about my own sexual exploits to prove that it works. If a proven method is what you're after, I would suggest picking up a copy of *The Game: Penetrating the Secret Society of Pickup Artists,* by Neil Strauss, or enrolling in his Stylelife Academy at Stylelife.com.

The Pet doctor: If you see two women together who are obviously into each other, it's never a good idea to hit on one and ignore the other. There's little chance that the one you hit on will dump her girlfriend and go off with you. Moreover, if you pay too much attention to one, the other will feel jealous and will do everything in her power to prevent you from hooking up with her girlfriend. She'll whisper to her that you are not cute, that she is bored and wants to leave, or any of the other creative stuff women come up with when they want to lose a guy.

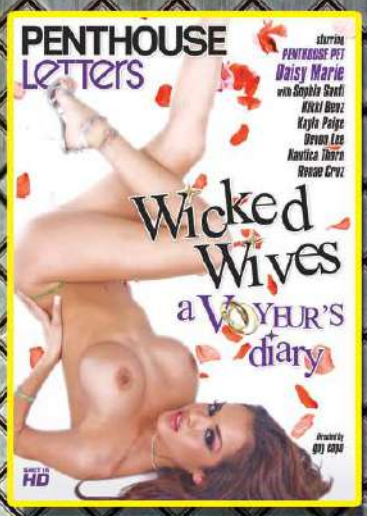
To prevent cock-blocking: (1) Avoid being transparent about your preference. (2) When you approach a sexy pair of girls, tell them how hot they look together and compliment them both. (3) Buy them both a drink and, after suitable conversation, offer to host a party for them at your place (or invite yourself over to their place). Chances of you walking into a ménage à trois are slim, but worth trying. (4) If they decline your invitation, give them each your card—or tell them to program your number into their cellphones. If one of them is interested, she'll contact you later. (If you are truly lucky, both of them will contact you separately.) I have a few hot girlfriends and we often like to flirt with one another and make out when we go out together. Knowing that we are driving guys crazy is a huge turn-on for us!

Submit your questions about sex, relationships, and women to Martin and/or Victoria at sexed@ffn.com.

CAUGHT ON CAMERA:

Pet of the Month

NIKKI BENZ



ORDER THESE TITLES AND MORE AT

WWW.PENTHOUSESTORE.COM

OR BY CALLING 877-702-0857

Available This Month!

PENTHOUSE DVD

A Husband Knows

A hot tale from *Letters to Penthouse XXXIV: Sinful Sirens & Their Dirty Little Secrets,* published by Grand Central Publishing

People who know about these things say you can always tell when your wife is having an affair. When mine came home from shopping one afternoon, I just knew she'd had sex. She seemed like she'd been utterly, delightfully screwed by, I assumed, some dude in a motel. What other explanation was there? Funny, but it didn't make me angry, or jealous, or hurt. It made me horny as hell. The idea of Laura fucking some dude while she was supposedly shopping turned me on something fierce.

That night as I stretched out in bed next to her, I pictured her in a motel on her back, knees up, with a hunk between her legs pumping away at her like in a porno. I couldn't get that image out of my mind.

I thought about it every day, especially since Laura remained so cheerful, so agreeable. I had no plans to confront her about not being faithful. Still, I wanted badly to know all the particulars, the uncensored juicy details. For some reason, I wanted to see it. What was he like? Would I like him? (I hoped so. It'd be awful if she was fucking a guy I couldn't stand.)

At the company Halloween party I met Laura's new coworker, Guy, and instantly knew whose cock had her in such a fine mood. He's over six feet tall, handsome, and articulate with a confidence that turns women to jelly—at least it does to Laura. And she loves blue eyes! The way they moved around each another, I knew he'd been fucking her on her shopping trips, after work, whenever.

Guy is a sports nut, and we hit it off, chatting about our teams while we stood by the food table. I liked him right away, and kept finding it hard not to blurt out, "So when did you start fucking my wife?" But I resisted. We talked about the NBA—about Kobe, Lebron, and Shaq—but all the time we were talking, I was seeing him screwing Laura.

The next time we were together was when Laura invited people from work for a barbecue. As I grilled the meat, I started a conversation with Guy about movies. "What's the name of that one about the woman who's having an affair with a guy she works with?" I asked.

Guy got nervous and tried to change the subject.

"If you were her husband, how would you feel?" I said.

He looked as if I'd hit him with a pipe. He studied me, then mumbled something.

"Actually," I said, "if I liked the guy, I wouldn't mind if my wife was fucking him."

Guy looked like he was coming unglued.

After ten minutes of unsubtle hints, I said, "I should tell you, I know you've been fucking Laura, and it's only a problem if you aren't good to her." He didn't speak, and fumbled with his drink. "If you're fucking her, fuck her good," I said. "Be gentle, and make sure you're satisfying the woman I love."

"I don't know what you've heard," he finally said in a low voice, "but it's not me."

"You're not having sex with my wife?" I said, bewildered and embarrassed.

"Honestly? I'd like to," Guy said quietly, as if she might hear him if he spoke up. "But I haven't, really. I've heard the stories, but ..." He looked at me with arms outstretched and palms up. "Honest to God."

"She's been in such a fine mood," I said. "I'm sorry. It's just—" I paused. "I mean, a mood that good can only be caused by great sex. Seeing you two together, well, you look so good as a couple, I naturally thought—"

"It's really not me," he said. "But thanks."

So maybe the people who say that "you just know" are wrong. Was I totally mistaken? I thought back to that first day when I was sure Laura was cheating. The signs were there—her state of mind was so positive, so joyful, that it couldn't be anything else. Plus, Guy said he'd heard "the stories."

So if not him, then who? I glanced around, surveying possibilities. Nothing!

That night when Laura got home, I confessed that I had suspected her of being unfaithful and asked her to forgive me. Graciously, she said she could understand why I suspected her.

I apologized many times over the course of the evening, and that night we had absolutely marvelous sex. I must admit, though, that the whole time, I was picturing her having sex with another man. I saw him eating her out, with his face against her pussy, and her squirming and screaming just the way she was doing with me.

After sex, while we dozed and cuddled, I kissed her and apologized once more for doubting her. Then I confessed that it actually turned me on to think of her having sex with someone else. She was silent. I asked her again to forgive me.

"You don't have to apologize," she said. "I do."

I waited to hear why she should apologize. "I have been seeing someone," she said finally—so soft that I had to ask her to repeat it. "I am having an affair."

I shot up in bed, propping myself on an elbow, and let her go on. She did so, tearfully. "It's made me feel so wanted, so sensual, so alive."

Finally I spoke. "It's not Guy?" I said quietly.

"You thought it was Guy?" she said, chuckling.

I nodded. She smiled, kissed me, and brushed the hair out of my eyes.

"Is it Herb?" I asked. "Or Charley? Jake?"

She shook her head and said softly, "It's Sandra."

It took a minute for this to sink in. I frowned, looked at her out of the corner of my eye, and, sounding about as foolish as a person can, said, "What? Sandra what?"

"Sandra and I are lovers," she whispered.

I rolled her over on her back and climbed on top of her. Looking down at her, I began to laugh.

"That's funny?" she said.

"No, baby," I said, punctuating my point with a kiss. "It's just, there I was imagining you getting fucked by Guy, and enjoying the mental picture, and all the time you were making love with another woman! I was sure it was Guy. I imagined all the things that you did together."

She put her hand over her mouth to stifle a laugh.

"So, you still enjoy sex with me?" I asked naively.

"Yes, yes, sweetheart," she said, hugging me. "It's just, well, I love having sex with Sandra. I, ah, well, I love the way she eats my pussy."

"How is it different?" I said, sincerely curious.

"I don't know," she said pensively. "It just is. She's, well, gentler, more patient, more attentive. She makes love to my pussy with her tongue and mouth and lips more than any man does. Oh, you do it well. She just does it differently—more slowly, more gently, more like a woman would.

"I love kissing her," she went on. "Tasting her. Everything we do is just different than with a man."

I smiled, kissed her, and nodded for her to go on, pleased she felt comfortable enough to share these personal details of her lovemaking with Sandra, secrets she had no way of knowing I'd accept. "I love the taste of pussy," she said.

"That doesn't surprise me," I said. "You taste wonderful."

"That's what Sandra says," she said, grinning.

That Friday Sandra came for dinner. Laura must have told her I knew, because at the door they exchanged a very passionate, very tender kiss. Thinking of what Laura had said about the way Sandra ate pussy, I kept imagining them in bed, with Sandra tenderly eating out my wife.

After the kiss, Laura took Sandra's hand and reached for mine, and we walked to the family room all holding hands. We broke for dinner, and when we were nearly done, I said to Sandra, "Would you like to spend the night? I'll stay in the guest room if you like."

I watched my wife and her lover caress. Then Laura pulled her close and kissed her passionately, and massaged and fondled her breasts.

"Please stay," Laura said, leaning over the table to kiss her lover—a passionate kiss that raised my heart rate a notch or two. They kissed for more than a minute, openly sharing tongues. When at last they ended their kiss, Sandra looked over at me and said, "Thank you, I'd like that."

Sandra and Laura sat on the couch, holding hands and cuddling like a couple.

Around 10 P.M., I excused myself, leaving them on the couch. In the guest bedroom, I imagined my wife on the bed on her stomach, with her girlfriend kissing the soft mounds of her ass and then spreading her cheeks and darting her tongue against my wife's anus. I pictured them savoring each other with kisses and licks, then penetrating their vaginas with fingers and tongues.

At just past 11 P.M., my reverie was broken by soft knocking at the door. When I opened it, I saw Laura and Sandra standing naked in the hallway holding hands. "Can we come in?" Sandra said.

I let them in, and the lovers removed my pajamas. When I was nude, they set me on the bed on my back, then knelt on each side of me. Laura let her friend be first to slide her mouth over the end of my erection. Then they both bathed my organ with licks and sucking.

I watched them work on my penis in unison, tongues curling and lapping around the tight skin. My wife's lover swung her leg over me, positioning her pussy over my dickhead, then eased herself onto my rod. She pushed down steadily, forcing me between her puffy labia. Laura offered words of encouragement as her lover began bouncing on my rod. "Fuck my lover, darling," Laura urged as Sandra pumped up and down on my shaft.

Laura leaned over and kissed me, sucking on my tongue. "Get her nice and juicy, baby," she said, "so I can taste both of you when I eat her pussy. I love the taste of a well-fucked pussy in the morning."

Sandra bobbed slowly up and down on my hips, gradually increasing her pace until she was bucking rapidly on top of me. Each time she came down, a grunt burst forth from deep in her throat.

I fucked her for ten minutes or so. Then Laura took her place and rode me like a naked cowgirl on a bucking bronco. She came quickly and explosively, then stopped to catch her breath.

I tapped her leg, gasping, "I'm going to come."

Laura climbed off and the two women got on each side of me, leaned forward to put their mouths over my dick, then caught as much of my spurting come as they could. Even when my cock began shrinking, they continued giving it long licks.

I had fucked my wife and her lover, then come in their mouths. The only thing left to fulfill my fantasy was to see them have sex.

As they kissed, I asked if they could do me one more favor. "Could I watch the two of you?" I asked.

"Of course," Laura said, looking at Sandra for confirmation. Sandra nodded, and she turned back to me, smiling. "But then you'll need to leave," she said. "I want to spend the night with Sandra."

"Oh, absolutely," I said.

I followed my wife and her lover down the hall toward our bedroom. I relished the sight of their bare bottoms just a few feet in front of me, each gorgeous in its own right. What a lucky man, I thought, to walk behind two such beautiful women, with such scrumptious asses, knowing that soon I'd be seeing them make love.

In the bedroom, I went straight to the overstuffed chair in the corner and watched my wife and her lover caress, then get comfortable on the bed. They kissed and petted like lovers on a date. Then Laura put her arms around Sandra and pulled her close, kissed her passionately and massaged and fondled her medium-size, well-shaped breasts.

Sandra lay on her back with Laura sucking and kissing her hardening nipples, then opened her legs for my wife's hand. Her fingers curled down between Sandra's puffy lips and probed her box.

Laura moved between Sandra's knees, her face close to the smooth pubic mound. I moved so I could see Laura's tongue swab the length of Sandra's vulva—sucking, then licking, tasting the pussy she had become addicted to.

Around midnight they arranged themselves in a sixty-nine and lapped and sucked each other's pussy voraciously. After they both came with a wild scream, Sandra helped my wife to the head of the bed, on her knees, her ass pointed toward the end of the bed. Sandra sucked and licked Laura's hole until my wife came once more.

The women stretched out, wrapped in each other's arms. Laura smiled, then waved—the signal that it was time for me to return to the guest room. I waved back and left, blowing kisses to both women as I went.

What they don't say when they say you always know if your spouse is having an affair is that we aren't always as smart as we think. I drifted off to sleep with images of my wife's pussy being eaten by the person she's having an affair with—just not the person I had once expected.—*C.M., Texas*

picture perfect

Kiara Diane, a statuesque 22-year-old from Washington state, has eclectic interests: "In my spare time, I go to the batting cage, the spa, write, take hip-hop dance classes, do volunteer work, sleep, hang with the girls, and of course have 'sexy time.' " We can't get past imagining that last part, especially with these photos at our disposal.

Photographs by Penthouse Studios

"My favorite workout is the pull-up machine. It works out my abs, and it gets me off at the same time. It's kinda cool."

"I love being an adult-film star! My favorite thing about it is satisfying other people. Oh, and the roleplay."

"I have no problem telling a man what I want. A closed mouth don't get fed. And when I meet the right guy, I'll have no problem being faithful. I just have to find someone who's worth it."

"I had an amazing sexual experience with this one girl. I'm very selective when it comes to girls, and she was incredible! Our lover was watching and described it as art."

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA.
GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM.
SEE MORE OF KIARA AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

SHE'S SO TRANSPARENT

I rushed home from work to beat him there. I'd been planning a sexy surprise for him all week. When I pulled into the driveway, I smiled, knowing I'd be able to go through with my plan.

I undressed quickly, tossing my clothes every which way, a rare occurrence since I can't stand clutter. Then I started wrapping myself in the clear, clingy plastic wrap. I began at my breasts, pulling the plastic tight over my tits and looking down to watch it stretch over my 36Cs, the dark nipples trying to push through the transparent barrier.

I wrapped several layers over my body, from my tits to my thighs, and when I'd finished I checked myself out in the mirror. The plastic was tight, and it felt like I had on the most restrictive corset I could find, but it looked fantastic! I couldn't wait for my husband to get home.

A few minutes later, I heard his car pull up, and my heart started to race. I took my place at the front door, anxiously awaiting his arrival. The door creaked open, and when he caught sight of me, his jaw dropped. I stood in front of him, naked except for a few layers of plastic wrap, and from the look on his face I knew it had to be the sexiest thing he'd ever seen.

He dropped his briefcase and rushed over to me. His hands trailed up my body, grazing my nipples through the plastic. His touch made them hard instantly, and I felt my pussy get wet, too. Then he picked me up, threw me over his shoulder, carried me into the living room, and tossed me on the couch.

I watched him undress and then he was on top of me, kissing me hungrily. We hadn't been together in almost a week, and I couldn't have waited another minute. It seemed like he couldn't wait, either. I felt his hands wandering over my body and I expected him to tear off the plastic wrap, but instead, he was extra careful to keep my outfit intact—except for the plastic over my pussy, which he ripped open immediately. The next thing I knew, his fingers were diving through the opening to play with my wet lips. His touch lit a fire inside me and I moaned loudly. Then he knew I was ready to move on.

He kissed me quickly before replacing his hand with his throbbing cock. I was so wet, he slid easily into me. In no time at all he was banging away at my aching cunt.

It was strange to not be able to feel his skin against mine when he was fucking me, but the plastic wrap felt delicious against my body, and I loved that I could still feel his warmth through it. I also loved the sound his sweat-slick body made as it thwacked against the plastic, and the way my skin tingled when a ripped piece of plastic tickled my inner thigh as he pounded into me. He told me he loved the feel of the ripped plastic wrap caressing his dick as he thrust in and out of my tight pussy.

Before long, I felt his dick pulsing inside me and he stopped moving. He was coming, firing shot after shot into my waiting hole. I came, too, crying out in ecstasy as he filled me with his creamy load. We both came a lot more than usual, and I knew it was because of my sexy outfit.

Now I'm glad I took the advice I read in your magazine. Waiting for your husband at the door, wearing only a smile and a dress of plastic wrap, is a great way to end the week. It was such a hit with him that I'll be stocking up next time I'm at the store.—*D.S., Oregon*

I stood in front of him, naked except for a few layers of plastic wrap. I knew it was the sexiest thing he'd ever seen.

STORY TIME

I'd been dating Dane for four months, and even though we'd done a lot of groping and fondling, we still hadn't had sex. We hadn't even fooled around naked.

When Dane had to go out of town on business, he gave me a key to his apartment so I could feed his bird while he was away. Before he came back, I spent a day cleaning up his place. While I was vacuuming in the bedroom, I got a bit nosy and started snooping around. Jackpot! I discovered a box full of porn magazines under his bed.

I flipped through some of them and found pages that looked rather worn, like they'd been "used" quite a bit. I have to admit, they were very erotic, and I was turned on after looking at all that bare flesh, especially the hard-core layouts of couples fucking.

When Dane returned, I was waiting for him. He was pleasantly surprised to see that I'd cleaned—until I mentioned that I'd found some interesting things under the

bed. Dane looked shocked, then embarrassed. I quickly assured him that I wasn't offended, and in fact I'd looked through a couple of the magazines. I asked him what about them he was attracted to, and he gave me the old cop-out about liking the articles.

Throughout the evening I kept bringing up the box of magazines, playfully asking him to tell me more. Finally, Dane told me he used them while jerking off, and he fantasized that the couples in the magazines were the two of us. He didn't want to rush me into anything, but he was looking forward to the day we finally took our relationship to the next level. Surprising both Dane and myself, I asked him if he'd include me in one of his masturbation sessions. The look on his face—and the bulge in his pants—told me the answer was yes.

I followed Dane to the bedroom, where he pulled out several magazines with hard-core couples sets. He laid them on the bed and turned to me with a look of apprehension. I moved closer and kissed him deeply. He whispered that when he jerked off, he always stripped completely naked. I told him to just pretend I wasn't there, and he began removing his clothes.

He got down to his underwear and stopped, turning to face me again. He said he wasn't sure if he could continue. I hugged him tightly and whispered in his ear that I was just as excited as he was, assuring him that I was turned on at the thought of him being totally nude before me.

I could feel Dane's bulging dick against my leg as we stood together, and reached between us to lovingly caress him through his briefs. I felt a warm, wet spot where his cockhead had been trapped, and moved my hands until my fingertips reached the waistband of his briefs. I slipped my fingers beneath the waistband, slowly lowering his underwear along his hips. Then I knelt down in front of Dane and

I felt a wet spot where his cock had been trapped, and moved my hands to his waistband, slipping my fingers inside.

slipped my hand into the front to help ease them over his hard cock.

Suddenly his underwear was sliding down his legs, leaving Dane standing before me completely naked for the first time. My face was level with his penis, and I immediately noticed that Dane was uncircumcised. His foreskin was slightly retracted, and he was leaking pre-come from the tip. I stood up again and hugged him, feeling his hardness pressed between our bodies.

I directed Dane to the bed, where he lay down on his back and opened a magazine. He began pointing out the pictures that really turned him on, but he had yet to take hold of himself and begin stroking. Lying down next to him, I grasped his shaft and slowly pulled back his foreskin to completely reveal his cockhead.

He moaned as I held his dick and unabashedly admired him in all his naked glory. I began slowly stroking him while he continued showing me his favorite photos. It was so arousing for me to be fully clothed while Dane lay bare next to me.

I cupped his soft, hairy scrotum and noticed that his balls had tightened up. Dane explained that that meant he was getting ready to come, and said I could stop jacking him off, thinking I'd want to avoid the mess. I laughed and kissed him, telling him to go right ahead and make a mess. With that, Dane tightened his whole body, moaned loudly, and began shooting hot, gooey, sticky come all over his chest, my hand, and his lovely penis.

I wiped him off and left him to enjoy the afterglow while I picked up a few magazines and got ready to leave. Dane wanted to know where I was going with his magazines. I told him that I had studying to do, since I'd be taking over his masturbation sessions.—*J.E., North Dakota*

TITILLATING TOYS

The nipple clamps Maura got me for my birthday were supercute, and I was dying to use them again. When she came over last night, I had them out and ready on the bedside table.

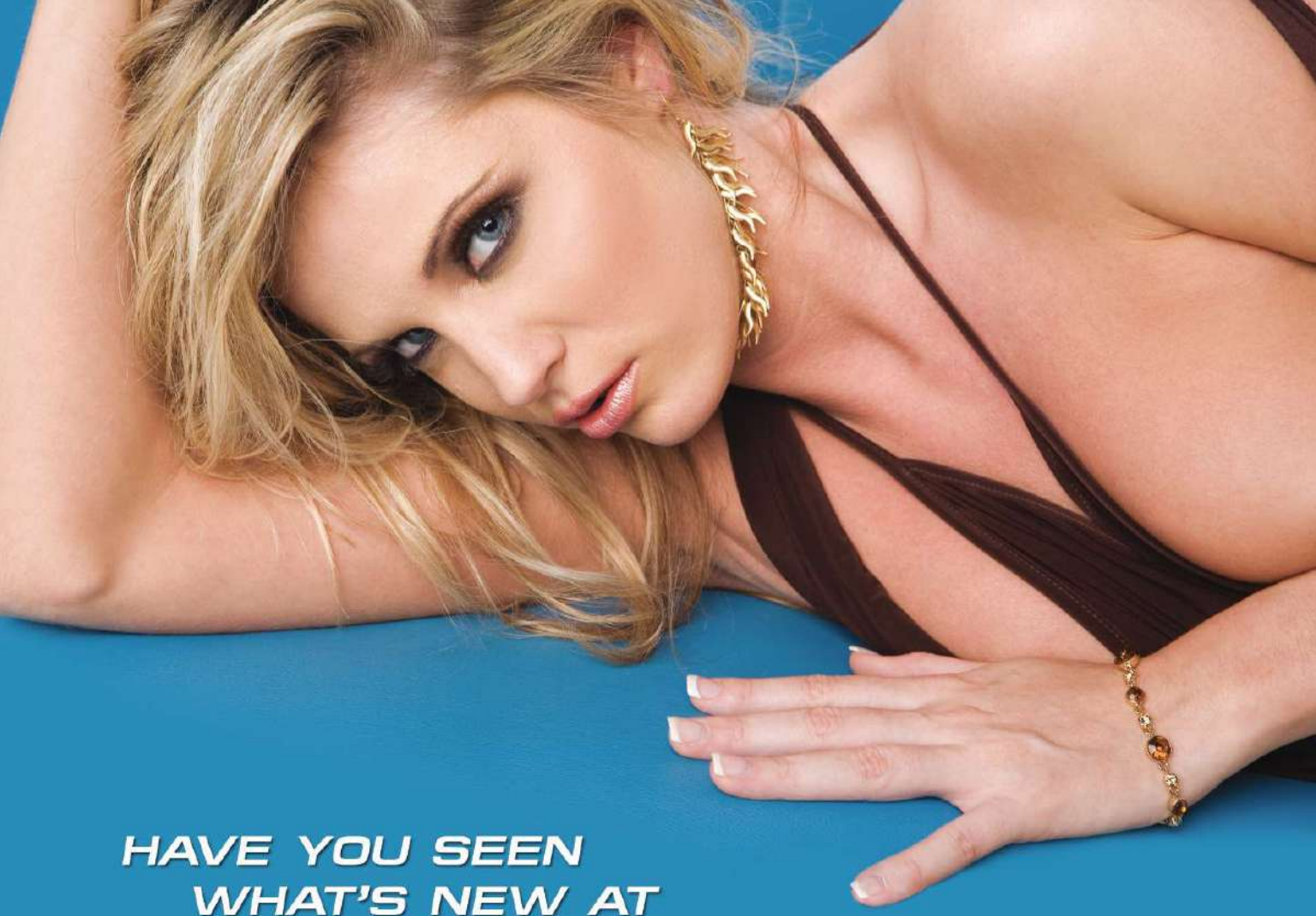
We were rolling around naked before I remembered my new toys, and I pushed Maura off me long enough to crawl toward the table to grab them. Maura reached out to take them from me when she saw them, but I shook my head. "This time it's your turn," I said seductively, and Maura shivered with excitement.

My girlfriend rolled onto her back and I straddled her. Leaning over, I showed her the clamps, making her moan, and started to massage her breasts, getting her ready for the titillating toys. Her nipples were already erect thanks to our rousing foreplay, and I only had to pinch them a few times to know they were ready for the clamps. I opened one and positioned it on Maura's left nipple before slowly releasing it. Maura moaned when the small metal teeth grasped her nipple, but it was a sound of pleasure, and the look on her face was one of delight. I repeated the action with the second clamp, securing it around her right nipple. Then it was time to get down to fucking.

Maura moaned when the metal teeth grasped her nipple, but it was a sound of pleasure, and she looked delighted.

I slid down Maura's body, caressing her as I went, until I was straddling her shins, my face hovering above her pussy. I dove in, lapping at her slit like a kitten at a bowl of milk. My tongue traced circles around her labia and clit, while my hands went back up to her tits to squeeze and tease them. Maura started gasping and bucking against my face immediately, the sensual touches almost too much for her to bear. But I wasn't going to let up so soon.

I teased Maura for the next 20 minutes, bringing her to the edge of orgasm and drawing back, forcing her to cool off. Now she was getting frustrated, and she struggled against me, trying to make me finish what I'd



HAVE YOU SEEN
WHAT'S NEW AT

PENTHOUSE.COM

NEW!
MEGA-SIZED IMAGES, UP TO
4000
PIXELS OR 4 OTHER SIZES

NEW!
BI-MONTHLY LIVE VIDEO
CHAT
LIVE. UNCUT. INTERACTIVE.

MORE GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!
OVER **1000**
MODELS, INCLUDING 350+
HOT, HOT PENTHOUSE PETS

MORE DVD MOVIES, PLUS
OVER **60 GB**
OF IPOD/PSP DOWNLOADS

CHECK IT OUT AND MORE AT WWW.PENTHOUSE.COM

started. Her thighs clenched my head and her hands pulled and pushed me to the places on her body that craved my attention.

I waited until she was absolutely begging for release. Then I buried my face in her cunt and ate her with renewed passion. I sucked her clit, nibbled her lips, and fucked her slit with my long, wet tongue until she was about to burst. When she was right on the edge of her climax, I freed her nipples from the clamps. The sensations that flooded her set her off and she came, her thighs quivering against my cheeks and her juices flowing freely onto my face.

I'd never seen Maura come so hard, but I knew from experience that the nipple clamps had the power to produce awesome orgasms. Next time we play, it will be my turn for the nipple clamps, but I think we're going to have to pick up another set. After seeing what they did to Maura, it would be unfair to force her to share mine!—*Name and address withheld*

AT FIRST SIGHT

With the pool of available swinging couples all but dried up since so many of our friends had dropped out of the scene, Jordan and I posted an ad on an internet personals site looking for a compatible couple to play with.

We got around 50 responses in the first two days—putting up a photo had definitely helped—but the first one to reach our in-box was enough. Casey and Dean had included an equally appealing photo, and said they were swing veterans who were into all kinds of kinky fun. We were sold. After a flurry of messages back and forth, we agreed to meet at a local hotel bar for drinks—and sex, if we hit it off.

Dean pushed into my wife. When he began to fuck her, it seemed like we all started to move in rhythm with his pounding prick.

Jordan wore her favorite little black dress that night, and we arrived early to scope out the hotel. But we'd been there only five minutes when they approached. Casey was just as hot as she'd looked in the photo, her tight red dress showing off her curves, and Dean was definitely Jordan's type. I knew we'd be going up to the room we had reserved—it was just a matter of how soon.

I didn't have to wait long. After only one drink, we were all ready to play. The four of us moved toward the elevators, unconsciously swapping partners as we walked down the hall.

Casey was shorter and curvier than my wife, and my dick sprang to life when she brushed against me stepping into the elevator. Seeing her nude photo had been erotic, sure, but there was something even hotter about having her scantily clad and waiting to be undressed—by me! I caressed her ass while we rode up to

PENTHOUSE MAILBAG

Advertise your product in this special advertising page to reach over 2.9 million readers monthly.
For information call **Elysia Bandong** at **212-702-6152** or email **ebandong@ffn.com.**

PENILE ENLARGEMENT
With Dr. Joel Kaplan's FDA Approved System
- Medical Vacuum Pump
- Gain 1-3" Permanently
- Viagra-Testosterone-Cialis

"This is the only proven system that works!" - Dr. Kaplan

619.294.7777 | www.drjoelkaplan.com

INCREASE EJACULATE VOLUME
EXPERIENCE STRONGER ORGASMS
Developed in Sweden, the all natural Ropex® formula is recommended by European and Asian doctors for the improvement of sexual function. Used by over 5 million men worldwide as well as by Porn Stars to increase ejaculate volume and intensify orgasms.
ROPEX® The original Swedish "ropes" formula
Order at: www.RopexUSA.com
or call toll free (888) 799-6979
Amex, MC, Visa, Discover and checks by mail accepted.
Send to: New Generation Labs
12905 S.W. 132 Street, Suite 4
Miami, FL 33186
1 Ropex: $39.95+$6.95 shipping = $46.90
Special Offer: order 2 Ropex, receive 3 bottles! $79.90+$7.95 shipping = $87.85
Statements herein have not been evaluated by the Food and drug Administration

Take Viagra or Cialis? Save $500
40 x 100mg pills for only $99.00!
No office visit. Discreet shipping.
Get 4 bonus pills FREE with order!
Call Now 1-888-374-4852

VIAGRA Cialis AmeriMedRx
Get the REAL DEAL
- FDA Approved Medications
- Private and Discreet
- Overnight Shipping Available
- Online/Phone Consultation

Also avialable: Levitra® and Propecia®
ORDER TODAY! www.amerimedrx.com 1-877-745-5779
Checks and money orders accepted

VIAGRA®
Cialis® LEVITRA®
Se habla español
VIAMEDIC®
SAFE • SECURE • DISCREET
WWW.VIAMEDIC.COM
800.547.9737

MEET LATIN WOMEN !
#1 Singles Vacations to Peru and Colombia .
10 beautiful women for every single man.
5000+ Marriages.
FREE DVD !
713.896.9993
TLCWorldwide.com

PENTHOUSE MAILBAG!
MARKET YOUR PRODUCT OR SERVICE TO OUR NEARLY 2.9 MILLION READERS
For further details call :
Elysia Bandong at 212-702-6152

PENTHOUSE Store
PENTHOUSESTORE.COM™
SHOP NOW!
The premier online adult store for one-stop shopping ... with a huge selection of toys, DVDs, novelties, apparel, books, jewelry, and Video-on-Demand.
PENTHOUSESTORE.COM

MEN WANTED!
IN YOUR AREA!
HEY GUYS!
MAKE $$$ for "SPECIAL SERVICES"
$750 per week
possible. We provide names, addresses and photos. Send $1 for info to ROYCE (Attn. Lori) 5152 Sepulveda Blvd. #200-P5 Sherman Oaks, CA 91403-1154
on the web www.royceorders.com

SMOKEY
Please
ONLY YOU CAN PREVENT WILDFIRES.
Ad Council

GET 5" TALLER NOW!
Height increasing shoes can make you 5" taller instantly. Hidden heel technology, just look like normal footwear. 100+ styles, from $49.99.
Constep
5"
Make you 5" taller instantly
1-888-220-6808 www.IncreasingShoes.com

A HIGHER STANDARD FOR HARDCORE.

AVAILABLE NOW

LINEAR / VOD / HD

ORDER NOW ON DISH NETWORK, COMCAST, TIME WARNER CABLE, CHARTER CABLE AND OTHER SYSTEMS.
CALL YOUR LOCAL CABLE OR SATELLITE PROVIDER AND ASK FOR **PENTHOUSE*TV***.

© 2010 NEW FRONTIER MEDIA, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

our room, and Jordan fondled Casey's tits while Dean fondled hers. By the time we reached our room on the 14th floor, we were all ready for action.

We were barely in the door before Dean and I were popping buttons and unzipping flies, trying to get out of our clothes as quickly as possible. The girls weren't even bothering, instead pulling up skirts and pushing down bras and dress tops to free their most important parts in a hurry. I was still trying to kick my pants and shoes off, with Dean a step ahead of me, when our wives climbed onto the bed together and began to make out. I paused to watch them kiss, their hands all over each other, and realized I was missing out. I climbed on the bed with the girls only seconds after Dean.

Jordan and Casey continued to kiss while Dean and I started kneading their tits and asses. It wasn't enough for anyone, though, and as my dick pressed against Casey's butt, I begged her, "Fuck me, suck me, anything!" She immediately obliged, pulling away from Jordan and turning her attention to my cock. As soon as her lips wrapped around my dick, I was in heaven. She was a talented cocksucker. But I kept an eye on Dean and my wife, wanting to see them in action.

Jordan, as I had expected, didn't hesitate to angle herself underneath Casey to eat her pussy. My wife loves a juicy cunt as much as I do, and Casey's looked as good as any we'd had before. Dean figured out his role pretty quickly too, getting between my wife's legs and aiming his hard cock at her wet slit. He pushed into her, and by the third stroke he was fully enveloped by her cunt. When he began to fuck her, I could feel the bed move under me, and it seemed like we all started to move in rhythm with Dean's pounding prick. Casey's sucking picked up speed when his thrusting did, and I fucked Casey's mouth in time to the bed's vibrations.

The in-sync fucking continued for several minutes, and each thrust brought us all closer to our peaks. I was halfway there when all of a sudden, as if they'd planned it, the girls stopped what they were doing and changed position, with Casey hopping on my dick and Jordan taking Dean's cock into her mouth.

Casey rode me like a pro tackling a bucking bronco, her thighs clenching around my hips as the rest of her body was flung about with each wild thrust. It was fucking incredible! I couldn't remember ever having been fucked so furiously in my life.

We all came, one after another, as if on cue. Jordan was first, her fingers thrusting in and out of her cunt as she sucked off our new friend. Then Dean came, Jordan's excitement rubbing off on him. Casey came next, and I felt her juices pour down my pole as I

Casey's sucking picked up speed when Dean's thrusting did, and I fucked her mouth in time to the bed's vibrations.

Project 3Dx.net
AN AMAZING LEAP IN SEX TECHNOLOGY HAS FINALLY BEEN MADE!
Real People Having Real Sex in 3D XXX Adult Films You Can Watch at Home!
3D
FIRST TIME ON DVD!
Watch a preview on our website:
Project 3Dx.net

fucked her. Then it was finally my turn, and I filled Casey's clasping cunt with a giant load.

After such an amazing session, we decided to take a chance on more of the couples who'd emailed us. So far we haven't come close to matching the chemistry we had with Dean and Casey, but we're not giving up until we've tried out every available couple!—*D.C., Virginia*

LENDING A HAND

I'm a 27-year-old happily married man, but sometimes my wife just doesn't satisfy me. I never thought I'd cheat, though, until a few weeks ago. I was over at my buddy Hank's house, helping him redo the bathroom like his wife, Amy, wanted. I had nothing better to do, and my wife, Laura, was out of town for some bridal shower. When Amy found out I was on my own for the weekend, she invited me to stay for dinner, which I was happy to do. Amy's an awesome cook, and I frequently wished my wife knew how to cook like her ... or how to cook at all.

Hank and I were getting washed up for dinner when his cellphone rang. It was his mom, who lives in the next town over, saying a pipe had burst in her basement and she needed him to fix it. Hank apologized for rushing out, but told me to stay for dinner since Amy had made so much food.

Amy and I sat down to dinner after Hank was gone, and everything was delicious. We were about to have dessert when she suggested we open a bottle of wine. Then, while we ate the cake she'd made and drank some wine, I got the feeling that Amy was flirting with me. I felt her foot rub mine under the table and I thought I heard a seductive tone in her voice, but I convinced myself that it wasn't really true. She would never cheat on Hank and I would never cheat on my wife, certainly not with my best friend's girl.

We went to sit in the living room to finish off the bottle of wine, and Amy sat down right on my lap. I wasn't expecting that, and having her tight ass on my lap made my cock spring to life. I should probably mention that even though Amy's one of those old-fashioned stay-at-home wives, she's hot as hell. She had Hank set up a bunch of workout stuff in the basement and she's always on the treadmill when she's not cooking or cleaning house. Her toned body is topped off by a pair of deep brown eyes and long, flowing chestnut hair.

Anyway, she sat down on my lap and wiggled around to get comfortable. With every wiggle, her ass rubbed against my straining dick, and I was pretty sure I'd blow my load right there. She obviously knew what she was doing, though, because all of a sudden she started sighing as my hard dick rubbed against her ass. Then her hand was reaching down and unzipping my pants, pulling my dick free from my shorts. I'd fantasized about her doing exactly that, but I'd never thought it would really happen.

As soon as she had my dick out, she scooted off my lap and got on the floor between my legs. Then she leaned in and engulfed my cock with her warm, wet mouth. She sucked me greedily, her hands running up and down my thighs as her tongue traced patterns all over my shaft. I was going crazy with lust, and my hips started rising off the couch, thrusting my dick further into her mouth as she sucked.

A minute later, I was coming, and Amy swallowed every drop that I shot into her throat, not letting even the tiniest bit of my come escape from her hungry mouth. I couldn't believe what she'd just done, but I got even more excited when she pulled herself off my dick, dropped her pants, and told me it was her turn.

We quickly changed positions and I settled on the floor, my head between her thighs. I dove right in, licking and slurping her already-wet pussy like it was the last one I'd ever see. She was sweet, just like Laura, but there was

We fucked like crazy, our bodies getting slick with sweat as we went at it for what seemed like hours.

PENTHOUSE Lingerie introduces

Sweet Pet

Add some sugar & spice
with the Sweet Pet
lingerie collection!

One of 4 tasty new collections
available now from
Penthouse Lingerie

satisfy your sweet tooth at
www.penthouselingerie.com

PENTHOUSE
JEWELRY BY BODY VIBE
PENTHOUSE
Wild Pet
SPOILED Pet
Sweet Pet
PENTHOUSE
Naughty Pet
Which Pet Are You?
Laidback? Clever? Sexy?
Driven?
Naughty?
Will you ride bikes like the wind?
Star in a movie?
Give him a lap dance?
Invent a vaccine?
Or run in the rain with nothing but your smile on?
Don't think it. Wear it.
Introducing the New Penthouse Jewelry Collection by Body Vibe
ORDER NOW at www.penthousejewelry.com
SalesOne, Intl © 2009

something else, too, some other flavor that was uniquely Amy, and I loved it.

I couldn't seem to get enough of her, and I savored the taste of her cunt as I lapped her moist lips and tickled her erect clit with my tongue. I had her moaning and sighing in no time, and soon after she was writhing on the couch, mashing her wet cunt against my face. Then she was coming. She shouted out loud as she came, and she bucked wildly, her arms and legs flailing as I slurped up her juices.

By the time she was done, I was already hard again, and she grabbed my hand and helped me up off the floor before leading me up to the bedroom. Once inside, she stripped me naked and jumped me. We fucked like crazy, our bodies getting slick with sweat. We went at it for what seemed like hours, neither of us tiring. Then it was over and I was on my way home.

The next day Hank called me over to help him finish the bathroom. Amy was there, and even invited me to stay for dinner again, since Hank would be with us this time.

Hank never suspected that I'd fucked his wife while he was off fixing a busted pipe, and Amy and I haven't hooked up since, but I'll never forget that wild time.—*B.S., Michigan*

She obviously knew what she was doing, and she started sighing as my hard dick rubbed against her ass.

Certification: The records, if any, relating to any images in this periodical required to be maintained by 18 U.S.C. § 2257 and 28 C.F.R. § 75.1–75.8 are maintained by the Custodian of Records of General Media Communications, Inc., at 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, NY 10005.

PENTHOUSE (ISSN 0090-2020) U.S. April 2010 Volume 41, Number 8 Copyright © 2010 by General Media Communications, Inc., a subsidiary of FriendFinder Networks Inc. All rights reserved. No portion of Penthouse magazine may be reproduced by any means or media without the publisher's prior written permission. Published monthly except combined in July/August in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by General Media Communications, Inc., 20 Broad Street, Fourteenth Floor, New York NY 10005. Distributed in U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and elsewhere in the world by Curtis Circulation Company, P.O. Box 9102, Pennsauken NJ 08109. Periodical postage paid in New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to Penthouse magazine, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235, Tel. 800-289-7368. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial, graphic, or other matter. Submission of letters to Penthouse magazine or its editors irrevocably grants to Penthouse all rights of publication and exploitation in all languages and media throughout the world in perpetuity without compensation, the writer by such submission having granted such rights. Penthouse does not accept unsolicited ideas subject to conditions of confidentiality, nonuse, or other obligations. Names, places, and identifying details in submissions may be changed at the editors' discretion. Any similarity between persons and events depicted in fiction or semifiction and real events or persons, living or dead, is coincidental. Subscriptions: U.S., possessions, APO, and FPO—$32 one year; Canada, $56 one year (includes GST); elsewhere—$56 one year. Single copies: $7.99 ($8.99 Jan., June, Sept., and Dec. issues) in U.S., Canada, and elsewhere. Canadian GST registration #R126607902. To subscribe, report a subscription problem, or change address in the U.S., call toll-free 800-289-7368; outside the U.S., call 386-447-6361. Please direct all editorial correspondence and inquires to Penthouse, 20 Broad Street, Fourteenth Floor, New York NY 10005. Tel. 212-702-6000. Advertising offices: New York: General Media Communications, Inc., 20 Broad Street, Fourteenth Floor, New York NY 10005. Tel. 212-702-6000. West Coast: Penthouse, 2603 Mira Vista Drive, El Cerrito CA 94530. Tel. 510-237-4423. PENTHOUSE, the ThreeKey Logo, the OneKey Logo, Penthouse Pet, Pet of the Month, and Pet of the Year are trademarks of General Media Communications, Inc.
PRINTED IN CANADA
Certificado de licitud de título No. 8554 de fecha 10 de Noviembre de 1994 y certificado de licitud de contenido No. 5821 de fecha 10 Noviembre de 1994, expedidos por la comisión calificadora de publicaciones y revistas ilustradas, dependiente de la secretaria de gobernación, México. Reserva de título No. 3351/94 de fecha 13 de Diciembre de 1994, expedida por la dirección general del derecho de autor, dependiente de la secretaria de educación publica. 1279882

CALL THE PETS!
If you want to get to know Pet of the Month **Nikki Benz**—or any of our Pets—call the Pet Hotline at 800-799-PETT (7388). Our vixens can't wait to tell you all about their lives and their fantasies. Callers must be 18 or older. Cost is $1.99 to $2.99/minute.

Penthouse.com has more than 30 years of your favorite Penthouse Pets, *Penthouse* videos in DVD-quality downloads—including the infamous *Caligula*—and an archive of sexy letters from readers. Go to Penthouse.com today for a free preview.

Anne How!

A love letter to the captivating Anne Hathaway, currently starring in *Alice in Wonderland.*

Dear Anne,

This might sound hopelessly corny, but bear with us for a minute: You know that feeling you got as a kid when the family car sailed over a hill a little too fast, and your solar plexus kind of fluttered and seized up? That's what happens to us every time we catch a glimpse of you. Every time. We were worried that it might be a serious condition, like when the voice of Mary Hart from *Entertainment Tonight* started giving people seizures, so we mentioned it to our doctor. You know what he said? "Totally normal. Happens to me, and to 99 percent of heterosexual males in the Western Hemisphere."

We were relieved, and then we reflected on our realization that the AMA is hardly the only institution that recognizes your hypnotic allure: You've been in movies since you were a kid, and have not simply made the transition from child star to adult actress, but have blossomed, like a Georgia O'Keeffe canna, into an A-list star with a brand of beauty so classic yet distinctive that it is destined, along with your talent, to make you into an enduring Hollywood icon.

Indeed, we doubt our ability to catch the essence of your luminous beauty in the tattered net of our prose—they should have sent a poet. Your eyes are gemstones, roses bloom upon your cheeks, and your mouth, that mouth—[*Editor:* All right, all right, stop right there! You're embarrassing yourself.] It's true; we're simply overmatched, and the picture here is worth more than a thousand of our words anyway.

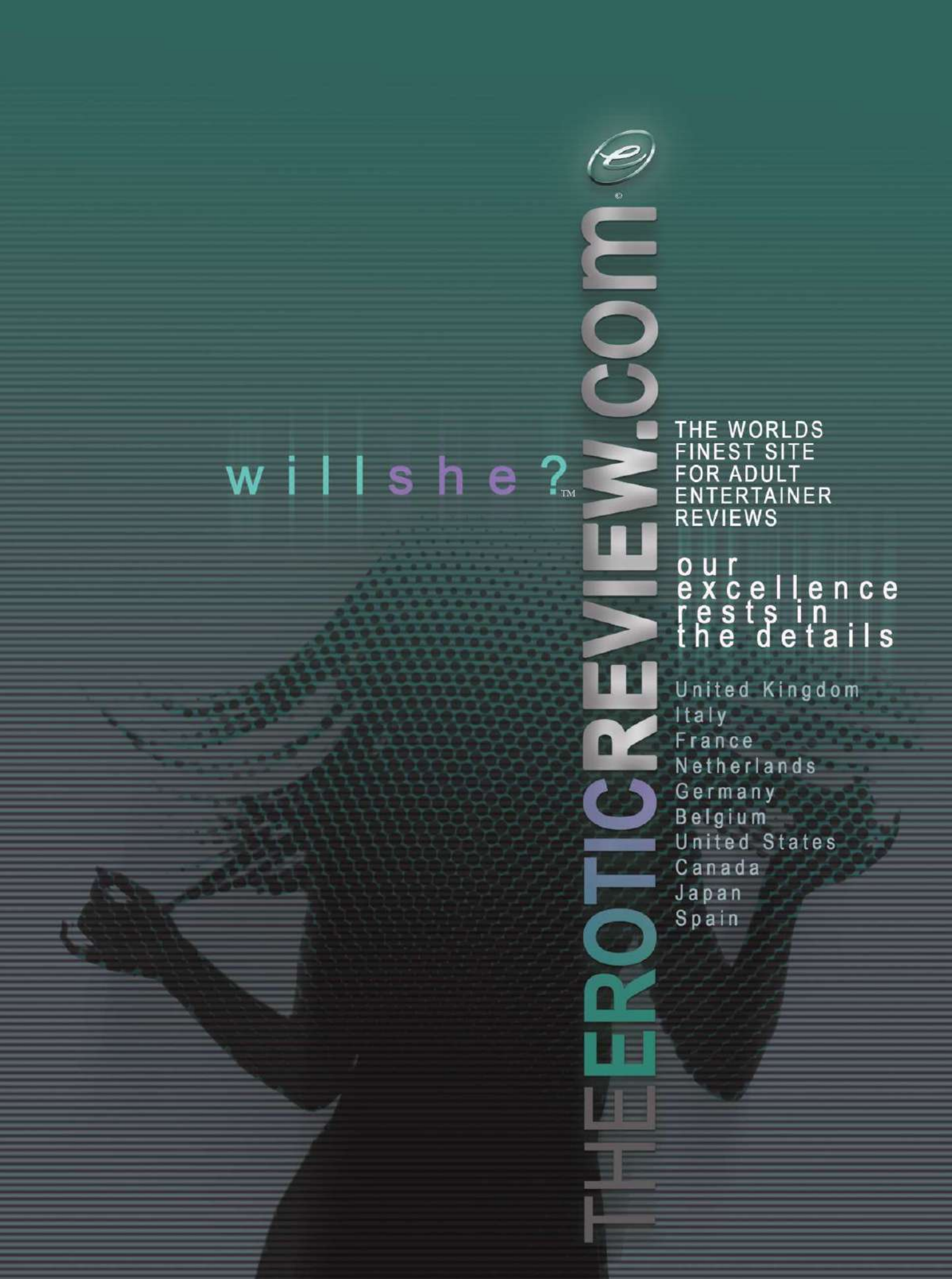
So let's look at your career: The least-plausible aspect of *Brokeback Mountain* was not that Heath Ledger's leather-tough cowboy (okay, that phrase is not helping the point of the sentence) would go gay, but that Jake Gyllenhaal's already-gay character would not be converted back to the Blue Team by having *you* for a girlfriend. In 2006, *The Devil Wears Prada* cast you as a frumpy type. Ha. Only in Hollywood. The costume designers cocooned you in "lumpy blue sweaters"—sorry, Miranda Priestly, we mean "cerulean"—yet they could not conceal the butterfly shimmering underneath.

How about *Rachel Getting Married,* the 2008 film for which you earned your first Oscar nomination for Best Actress? Even though your character was meant to be a Day-Glo semaphore for dysfunction, we ended up being seduced—by you, and, consequently, the film.

This month, you're starring in Tim Burton's *Alice in Wonderland,* as the White Queen. Well, sure. If we ever went through the looking glass and found you waiting, we wouldn't need "jam every other day," or any enticement at all, to happily do your bidding.

Yours truly,
Penthouse

PHOTOGRAPH BY RETNA LTD.


willshe?™
THEEROTICREVIEW.com
THE WORLDS FINEST SITE FOR ADULT ENTERTAINER REVIEWS
our excellence rests in the details
United Kingdom
Italy
France
Netherlands
Germany
Belgium
United States
Canada
Japan
Spain

'OSITIVE EFFECT ON THE VODKA'S TASTE. - ASSOCIATED PRESS MIRACULOUS...A MATCH MADE IN HEAVEN. - USA TODAY ...BELIEVE US, THIS VODKA IS SLI

CE AS FLAVORFUL. - THE ADVOCATE GREAT STRENGTH IN TEXTURE...SMOOTH MOUTH FEEL ...A PERFECT ETER TIMES SOY IS VERY CC

'E CAN ATTEST THAT 3 VODKA IS SMOOTH AND TASTY. - MAXIM 3 IS WITHOUT PEER AS THE FOUNDATION OF THE ULTIMATE V ODKA MARTINI. - ROBB REPOR

LAWLESS VODKA RATING OF 100 POINTS EVER RECORDED. - IBAT* ...BELIEVE US, THIS VODKA IS SLICK. - PLAYBOY FIRST FLAWLESS VODKA RATI

.OFFERS A SMOOTH TASTE. - ABC NEWS A HEALTHIER WAY TO GET SHITFACED...WE CAN ATTEST THAT 3 VODKA IS SMOOTH AND TASTY. - MA

ND THAT'S STORMING THE BAR SCENE. - COSMOPOLITAN SMOOTH AS FRENCH SILK AND TWICE AS FLAVORFUL - THE ADVOCATE TOP TEN MUST-HAVE ITEMS

A POSITIVE EFFECT ON THE VODKA'S TASTE. - ASSOCIATED PRESS SOY VODKA SIPS AS EASILY AS 1, 2, 3 SOY IS VERY COMPLEX...HA

- THE ADVOCATE THE SMOOTHEST VODKA I HAVE EVER TASTED. - ARIZONA REPUBLIC V O D K A 3 IS WITHOUT PEER AS THE

IESS UNMATCHED BY ANY OTHER VODKA...YOU'LL FIND THAT 3 IS TRULY TRIPLE SMOOTH. MAXIM ...A SMOOTHER VODKA...TH

3 VODKA.
DISTILLED FROM SOY
ASK FOR IT BY NUMBER
NO CARBS

JUDGING BY THE BUZZ, WE'VE CLEARLY MADE A GOOD IMPRESSION.

3VODKA.COM

© 2006 3 Vodka Distilling Co. 40% ALC./VOL. Please drink responsibly. Serving Size 1.5 fl oz (42g); Calories 96, Fat 0g, Carbohydrates 0g, Protein 0g

NO CARBS